Volume XII. Number 7.

The UNITARIAN

Oct 96
Cottazzo Mss IX

JULY, 1897.

CONTENTS:

GREAT CHAPTERS FROM THE GREATEST BOOK: A Devotional Meditation . . 289

The Pulpit and the Pews 291
George W. Stone
The New Law in Religion 296
Frederick B. Mott
Eternity . . . . . *Stephen F. Read* 299
Culture . . . *Julia De Witt Stevens* 299
The Duty of Laying in Moral Ballast . 301
Alfred Gooding
The Higher Unitarianism 305
John C. Kimball
Parson Merrivale's Doubt 309
Rev. Matthew Lock
Liberal and Progressive Orthodoxy and Unitarianism . . *Rev. W. H. Fish* 314
The Unitarian Church 317
The British Jubilee 318
A Plea for Human Nature 320
T. S. Metzger

DEPARTMENTS:
Editorial 320
One Upward Look Each Day . . . 325
Sunday-schools . . *Edward A. Horton* 326
Young People's Religious Union . . 326
National Alliance of Unitarian Women . . . . *Alice P. Jackson* 327
Books 328
Children's Corner 329

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

Announcements . 330
Summer Meetings Association . . 330
Alton, Ill. 331
Andover, N.H. . . . 331
Athol, Mass. 331
Beverly, Mass. . . . 331
Buffalo, N.Y. . . . 331
California Items . 331
Castine, Me. 332
Chelsea, Mass. . . . 332
Chicago, Ill. 332
Dorchester, Mass. . 332
Duxbury, Mass. . 333
Ellsworth, Me. . . . 333
Fall River, Mass . 333
Fergus Falls, Minn. 333
Greenfield, Mass. . 333
Hopedale, Mass. . 333
Ithaca, N.Y. . . . 334
Kennebunk, Me. . 334
Manistee, Mich. . 334
Meadville, Pa. . . . 334
Northfield, Mass. . 335
Omaha, Neb. 335
Portland, Ore. . . . 335
Ridgewood, N.J. . 335
Rutherford, N.J. . 335
Salem, Mass. 335
Sheffield, Ill. . . . 335
Springfield, Mass. . 335
Sturgis, Mich. . . 336
Unitarian Educational Society . . 336
Unitarian Grove Meeting at Weirs, N.H. 336
Warwick, Mass. . 336
Washington, D.C. . 336
West Roxbury, Mass. 336

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS FOR ENGLAND: H. RAWSON & CO., 16 NEW BROWN ST., MANCHESTER.

One Dollar per Year.

[*Entered as second-class mail matter.*]

Single Copy, 10 Cents.

The Unitarian Unites

By carrying to each parish and each home the message of Jesus,—love to God and love to man.

Already we receive more new subscribers through the kind words and efforts of our present **CO-OPERATION** subscribers than in any other way.

Why? Because every subscriber receives monthly, not only the newest utterances of religious thought and the ablest addresses of the day, but the most complete survey of what is going on in all churches, conferences and departments of the denomination; also reviews of the best books, selections for the spiritual life, and all that contributes to enlightened liberal religious culture.

WHY?

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT: Articles for publication, books intended for review, and all literary communications should be addressed to the editor, **141 Franklin Street, Boston.**

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT: Subscriptions and all business communications should be sent to **Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston,** to whom all drafts and money or express orders should be made payable.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: To subscribers in the United States and Canada, One Dollar a year in advance, postage free. To foreign subscribers, $1.25 in American money or 5 shillings in English money.

A PACKAGE OF TEN COPIES, to one address, to be used for missionary purposes, will be sent for $5.00.

SAMPLE COPIES of THE UNITARIAN will be sent free on application.

THE UNITARIAN *will continue to be sent to subscribers until a request is received to discontinue, and until all arrearages are paid.*

One Dollar for Twelve Months.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, - - 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

The UNITARIAN

Volume XII. JULY, 1897 Number 7.

GREAT CHAPTERS FROM THE GREATEST BOOK.

The great worth of the Bible to all who seek the righteous life is sufficiently proved in history by the strength, inspiration, and comfort it has afforded. In the present series of articles on "Great Chapters from the Greatest Book" the best results of criticism are set forth in a popular way, and an effort is made to emphasize those deep religious truths that are good for all time.

PART OF PSALM CXIX.

A DEVOTIONAL MEDITATION.

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

. . . . . .

Thy hands have made me and fashioned me: give me understanding, that I may learn thy commandments.

I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.

Let, I pray thee, thy merciful kindness be for my comfort, according to thy word unto thy servant.

Let thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live; for thy law is my delight.

Let my heart be sound in thy statutes, that I be not ashamed.

My soul fainteth for thy salvation; but I hope in thy word.

Mine eyes fail for thy word, saying, When wilt thou comfort me?

Quicken me after thy loving-kindness: so shall I keep the testimony of thy mouth.

Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven.

Thy faithfulness is unto all generations: thou hast established the earth, and it abideth.

They continue this day according to thine ordinances; for all are thy servants.

Unless thy law had been my delight, I should then have perished in mine affliction.

I will never forget thy precepts; for with them thou hast quickened me.

I am thine, save me!

I THOUGHT I could see! The way appeared plainly before me. I walked without stumbling. Yes: I thought I could see even better than most people. See the opportunities of life, see the dangers, see the flowery banks and the purling streams and the precipitous cliffs. See just how to avoid the disagreeable and enjoy the pleasant, how to sail lightly where the favoring breezes blow, and where the running tides lift high above the threatening rocks. Oh, yes, I thought I could see well! Could see my own way, that surely is enough! Are not my eyes my own?

Alas! my blindness. I have learned that my fine sight is a blurred dimness! O God, open thou mine eyes! Give me a vision above mine own, give me an insight deeper than myself, give me a penetration beyond

my own horizon! I see nothing except as thou maketh a revelation to me. I was busy in a half-dark cellar; and, as I came out beneath the blue sky of thy heaven, there between thee and me bent a pear-tree, from its lowest twig to the tip of its topmost bough one pure outburst of joy. Like a fountain of foamy spray radiant in golden light, a divine transfiguration! Father, come to my inner life with a revelation like that!

I am busy in a half-dark cellar. Make me suddenly see: open thou mine eyes. As it is, I am shamefully satisfied. Because I see so little, so short a distance, so indistinctly, so close to myself, I think I see well enough!

I am content to walk in my blind, narrow way. And Thou who art able to give everything that I can ask, everything that I am willing to receive, I ask nothing of thee, because of my stupid satisfaction with myself. I have filled up my way of life, so that there is room for nothing more. Yes, all filled! No time for anything else. Is not that true? Yes, indeed! But my life is soon crowded, is easily filled, it is so small! Because I see so little. O God, open thou mine eyes! Let me see more. Let me occupy other lives than my own,—my neighbors', my master's, and thine, my God's!

These cannot be filled. If thou but open my eyes, a universe will be revealed that cannot be filled. I shall see how my life may be increased tenfold, a hundredfold, ay, a thousand-fold. I need no more hours, no more time. But I need sight to see more life to put into the old hours.

How much did I live in an instant, when I looked up and saw the fruit-tree? It takes as long to look into a mud puddle as into thy face! The same hours I lived in closest seclusion from everything but my own pleasure might have been lived in radiant touch with thy spirit abroad throughout the world.

George Fox, when he came in sight of the three spires of Lichfield cathedral that memorable day, lived more in five minutes than most men in as many years. Thou, O Lord, didst open his eyes. Never again could he live to himself, never again dwell in the half-dark cellar. The life of others, the life of humanity, the life of Christ,—these had become his life. Never again could such a life be filled. The walls were down, heaven was above him. The fruit-trees blossomed. So open thou mine eyes!

In thy divine, mysterious, secret way, O Lord, make me to understand how possible it is for me to live a hundred times better than I do.

Why am I so stubborn and so obtuse?

I loved a friend once. Who has not? Close to the heart! But he died. Then came the world's work again, the duties of every day, the same demands, the same joys. I lived, worked, enjoyed; but I do not forget. I seem the same; but there is a permanent deeper life, a silent hidden emotion, an open door, never to be closed.

Who does not know this? Who has not the memory of a smile? Some great experience changes us invisibly. We begin to live more in the same time.

After a trip to Europe, the vastness of the immeasurable deep, the changing continents, the transformed habits, customs, voices, scenes, the ancient reverence, the shrines, the age, the ruin, the peace, the new beauty, the old wealth, the patience of long servitude, the kinship to all human striving,—ah! into our lives something enters; and, though we may seem to take up again the ordinary routine, we are never the same. Revelations once received enlarge us. We are capable of infinite expansion by what we see. O God, open thou mine eyes!

A man may live in the sight of his friends without blemish, and yet be blind to that inner glory. He may receive that revelation, and in the midst of all the world's work himself be glorified.

When William Scott was sentenced to death for falling asleep on sentry duty, Lincoln went from Washington to save the young fellow's life. "Scott," said he, "you are not to be shot; but who is to pay the President's expenses for coming down here to save you?" The poor lad tried to say something of what his friends might do for him; but Lincoln stopped him quickly.

"No, your friends cannot pay it, nor your comrades. Not your bounty, nor the old home farm, nor all that can be raised, is enough. Only one man in all the world can pay it, and his name is William Scott. If from this day forth you can see your duty so clearly that, if I am with you when you come to die, you can look me in the face as

you do now, and say, 'I have kept my promise, I have done my duty as a soldier,' then the debt will be paid." The promise was given and kept. It was a revelation to Scott. He saw a new world, he felt a new sense of duty. He became the ideal soldier, —faithful, fearless, true. Almighty Father, come thou to thy sleeping sentry with such a pardoning revelation.

Open thou mine eyes. Forgive the feeble, narrow thoughts we have of what our duties are. Show us thine own ideal. Show us the invisible. Give us sight to see the grandeur of our duty, if we carry it out after thy plan. Let us enter into the life that cannot be filled. Ask us for the promise. May we see what it means. Out of the half darkness as we ascend, may we behold between us and thy heaven there the divine transfiguration of our human life,— the face of Christ! May we know it! Not like the crowd of old before Pilate's palace, who, looking upon Jesus, chose Barabbas. Admiring muscle and gladiatorial strength, great shoulders and the head of a fighter, they could see no beauty in the Master's face. In his holiness, purity, love, these things they did not cherish, they could not see.

But open thou our eyes, that we may see the things that Jesus saw,—the seed by the wayside a mighty tree, the widow's mite the greatest gift, the fallen sparrow unforgotten, the little child the type of the kingdom, the most faithful servant the highest ruler, the sorrowing comforted, the meek inheriting the earth, the peacemakers entering heaven, the pure in heart beholding thee! O God, open thou mine eyes.

What a transformation! I am a new being by what I behold. When I understand thy will, my own becomes thine. If I see the sun shine or hear the babies laugh, I feel thy revelation there. "The universe came into existence for Tess," says Mr. Hardy, "on the day that she was born." But, oh, how little of thy universe has come into existence for some of us even yet! What unimaginable streams of happiness, of joy, of love, are pouring all about our way!

Like those first exploring navigators of the coast of South America, who cried piteously for fresh water to a passing vessel, saying they were dying of thirst, we need some one to answer back, "Dip it up! dip it up"; for they were at the mouth of the mighty Amazon, whose waters freshen the tides of the Atlantic for a hundred miles. Open thou mine eyes. Infinite life flows about me: let me dip it up. There is light behind the cloud, there is life within the clod, there is love beneath the frown.

I see, O my Father, I see!

THE PULPIT AND THE PEWS.*

BY GEORGE W. STONE.

It is a common thing for a minister to address an audience of laymen, or even an audience of ministers; but it is not usual for a layman to address a body of ministers, or of men preparing for the work of the ministry, especially, upon the subject of the ministry.

My knowledge of divinity schools is exceedingly limited; but I presume you have here something that corresponds with what might be called a department of "Church Management," or perhaps we might call it "pastoral diplomacy" or "ministerial strategy,"—some means or device for teaching the young ministerial mariner how to keep off the ecclesiastical and social rocks that lie hidden in every parish that has any life in it.

There are certain laws which govern all relations in life. Let us briefly consider some of them. All business men have customers. Lawyers have clients. Physicians have patients. Ministers have parishioners. All these depend the one upon the other. The business men, lawyers, physicians, and ministers must really serve their customers, clients, patients, and parishioners, or they cannot maintain existing relations. The law of such relations is inflexible and permanent. The choosing is done chiefly by the customers, clients, patients, and parishioners; and they will terminate the relation whenever it is for their own interest to do so, or whenever they believe it to be for their own interest. This is a fact we cannot avoid, and with which we must deal. The ministers and their parishioners are governed by this law in common with others;

*Address delivered before the Meadville Theological School.

and it applies with unusual force among Unitarians, because among us there is nothing left of a priestly character in the ministerial office.

Now let us see what follows when these relations are disturbed. If a business man cannot command capital enough to compete favorably, or if he has not the skill to carry on his business judiciously, he fails, and takes a subordinate place under the direction of some one else. If a lawyer does not know the law, or is unable to maintain himself in court or in actual practice, he fails to secure clients, and is compelled either to starve or go into politics. If a physician kills when he is expected to cure, or if he is skilful, and nevertheless neglects his patients or is careless in his work, he soon finds himself without patients, and driven to become a pharmacist or a manufacturer of patent medicines. If a minister cannot preach, or if he can preach and does not, or if he neglects his parishioners, shuts himself up in his study, or enters the lecture field, engages in outside work, grows indolent or careless about his work, he either disappears from his parish or his parish disappears from him, and directly we find him in the insurance fraternity, or possibly back again in the primitive occupation of agriculture. It is idle and useless to declaim against this. It is a law as unvarying in its nature as the law of gravitation, and evidently it springs from the same source. There is nothing necessarily discouraging about all this. The customer never leaves the merchant while he is being well served. The client never leaves his lawyer while his business is being attended to efficiently, nor the patient his doctor so long as he is treated with skill and care. Neither will a parish disturb the ministerial relation that is accomplishing the purpose for which it was designed. There are ministerial misfits that can never be adjusted; and the sooner the attempt to adjust them is abandoned, the better for all concerned. It is not always the fault of the minister, nor always the fault of the parish. Frequently it is a misfortune rather than a fault, like many unfortunate marriages; but, unlike marriages, the ministerial relation can and ought to be severed the moment it is demonstrated to be a mistake. And this leads me to make a general remark, that one can never be too cautious in the selection of a profession. This applies with equal force to all professions. A man ought to be very sure that he is right; that he has some fitness for his occupation, a deep-seated love for the work that he will find himself compelled to undertake, before he begins his career. A man can never be happy in this world if he is obliged to work in a harness that chafes and galls him. All the professions are full of mistakes, misfits; and, as a natural consequence, the roadside of life is strewn with wrecks. So that at the beginning I should say, *Be very sure that you were intended for a minister.* It is the noblest profession in the world, one that is now more important than ever, and in many respects harder to fill. The almost superstitious regard for "the cloth" has largely disappeared. The world no longer ascribes to the ministerial profession anything that resembles supernatural power. Ministers are treated as other men. The idea of the teacher has succeeded that of the priest. The average business man will measure the minister, and accord to him just the respect and deference to which his character and attainments entitle him, and no more. His sense of propriety, his politeness, and his good nature will doubtless enable him sometimes to cover up, under a deferential exterior, his real feelings upon this subject. But this is the modern way of treating this subject; and, however it may appear to those interested, this is precisely what is taking place all around us. In this unusually critical age, more than in any which has preceded it, the old maxim finds verification that "every tub must stand on its own bottom."

I am not prepared to claim anything like perfection for the layman. Indeed, I decline to stand as the champion of their interests on this or any other occasion. No one regrets more than I do the unsatisfactory attitude of the average layman toward his church. I am mortified, and sometimes discouraged, when I think that the common phrase heard on every side now, that "the women run the churches," is at least near enough the truth to make one feel badly about it.

The problem that is present in nearly every parish in the land is, How can we increase the attendance upon our public ser-

vices? This question is puzzling every denomination alike. I know the phrase that falls so naturally and glibly from the lips of the laymen, that "the minister must make the church so attractive that the people will not want to stay away." I do not regard this as a proper answer to the question. I do not believe that this problem can ever be satisfactorily settled by what is commonly spoken of as an attractive ministry. Nothing short of an attractive religion will do it. You can never build a church permanently and satisfactorily upon an attractive minister, or upon literature or art or science. No matter how perfectly all these things are furnished, how attractively literature and art and science may be presented, how efficiently they may be taught, there is only one foundation for a real church; and that is religion.

The church cannot successfully compete with the lyceum, the theatre, the academy, or the art school. Its amateur efforts, hastily prepared and imperfectly executed, will afford amusement and interest to those engaged, and to their immediate friends and relatives; but they will add no especial strength to the church as a church.

There is a drawing power in religion itself. I do not believe that any of the churches have as yet discovered what it is and how to use it. But this much we have shown, that the great number of substitutes for religion that have been tested have all been found sadly wanting. It remains for the wise men of the coming time to discover how religion may be made more attractive. Those who have discovered what religion really is, and how to apply it in their daily lives, already know the comfort, the satisfaction, and the pleasure that come from it.

If you will permit me, I should like for a few moments to speak plainly and freely concerning the relations of the minister to the parish. I have seen ministers come and settle and work and go away, and I have often wondered why it was they needed to go so soon. Sometimes they go before the people want them to, and sometimes they do not. The subject of ministerial settlement in our body is a very difficult and delicate matter. Naturally, every minister is sensitive about it, as it is of such vital importance to him. His success in life oftentimes hangs in the balance. Therefore, he approaches the subject with his whole nature aroused and every faculty alert.

Our Year Book for 1897 shows us some statistics on this subject that are somewhat interesting. An examination recently made has brought out the fact that in the three hundred and thirty-seven active parishes of our denomination there has been an average ministerial term of seven and three-tenths years, which is, I am informed, nearly, if not quite, double that of most other denominations. In making up this average, it was discovered that the limits reached were one and fifty-five years, of course the long pastorates helping the average very much. In our old churches of New England, all the traditions point toward long pastorates. It is a question with many at present whether that is not one of the things we ought to forget, or, if we cannot forget, to disregard. For one, I believe that a minister ought not to be expected to remain in a parish any longer than he sees his work to be useful and helpful to his people; and, furthermore, that the parish ought to have some way of expressing their willingness that the relation should be severed, without being compelled to disapprove of the minister.

If I have not misread the lessons of the past thirty years, it seems to me that it has been demonstrated over and over again that many a man has five or ten years of good work in him for almost any parish, and that he can do himself no greater service than to move on at the expiration of his term, whatever it may be. I believe that it has proved in the past to be true that successful long pastorates have been the exception rather than the rule. I sometimes think that the Methodist itinerary is better than the "go-as-you-please" methods observed among Congregational churches. The strain and stress of settling and dismissing ministers tries the stability of the parish over-much; and it would be well, I think, if we could avoid the necessity for this trying experience except when it was absolutely necessary.

May I say a word as to the average feeling of the laymen with reference to the general work of the minister? Any man, minister or of any other profession, or business man, must command respect before he wins

love. Sincerity and frankness, with a solid backing of goodness, will win the love of any parish. A minister with that outfit can have all the freedom he can use. He need never cross the street to avoid any one; and he may feel perfect liberty in any gathering of his parish, and always know that he will receive a cordial and hearty welcome. The great thing is to gain the confidence of the people, for confidence is always a sure indication of love. If you will permit me to say it, I think that social gifts are even more needed now than ever before. I think it is also clear that a minister, in this social time, needs to have an "all-around" preparation for his work,—more so than heretofore. Pulpit work is of course of the first importance, and nothing can take its place or serve as a substitute for it. But there are in every parish large numbers of young persons, and many older persons, who are not developed. All these must be looked after as well as the others. Every class in the parish must be considered, and their needs supplied.

Among the young, of course, the imaginations and emotions play the largest part; and, so far as my own observation goes, I have yet to see a thoroughly prosperous church that did not lay special emphasis upon the care of its young people.

Do not, I beg of you, my young friend, ever forget that you are a minister. I know that it is often said, and with an appearance of freedom, "that ministers are just like other men." Permit me to say that I regard this as heresy,—a real, genuine heresy. A minister is not like any other man, or, if he is, he ought not to be. He has dedicated, consecrated, set himself apart, for the express purpose of raising the standard of humanity; and, if he is to go down to their level on every occasion or any occasion, I can't see how he is to accomplish his work. So my advice would be (and you may take it for what it is worth), Never forget that you are a minister, not even with your most intimate parishioner. Besides, with all this talk concerning the qualities of minister and layman, even in the face of that familiar phrase of our dear old friend Dr. Hale, that "we are all priests and kings," it won't do to take that saying too literally. A minister must have a certain reserve, not "put on," as the saying is, but a certain ability to good-naturedly stop at certain limits, doing it as naturally and inconspicuously as possible.

One other point; that is, concerning finances. On this subject I feel like speaking with more authority than any other, because I have had more experience in this line than in others; and I say unhesitatingly to every minister, old or young, Upon your settlement in a parish, always insist upon a plainly written agreement as to just exactly what is understood to be the fact concerning the details of your settlement, naming not only the amount of your salary, but the time of its payment. Then, when the pay-day comes round, insist upon it that the parish shall keep its part of the contract.

Laymen are sometimes very unreasonable concerning the ministry; and I think the ministers ought to be conscious of this fact, so that they may not be surprised into betraying an undue amount of indignation when it comes to them in their daily life, unexpectedly. The difficulty with the layman is that he has an idea that the work of the minister is very easily performed. He has little conception, for example, of the amount of labor that is required in the preparation of a sermon. He knows nothing of the exhaustion of the vital forces produced by the delivery of a sermon or the conduct of a public service. Do not let this discourage you. The average layman never knew by experience that he ever had a nervous system. He says sometimes to himself, and sometimes, unfortunately, aloud, "It is an easy job to fix up one or two sermons when a man has a whole week to do it in." He has no idea what it costs to preach a sermon, attend a funeral, or do many of the less conspicuous things that belong to a minister's life. He compares it constantly with his own business. If he could only be persuaded to try his own hand in the preparation of one sermon, and be compelled to preach it, he would be a silent observer of ministerial labors forever thereafter. He would find not only his intellectual apparatus fully tested, but, when his sermon was ready, he would find how much courage it needs to face a congregation, with only one's ideas to protect himself from criticism, sarcasm, or, what is worse than all, from pity.

I suppose I shall be expected to say some-

thing concerning the present outlook of our own work, especially as it relates to the work of the ministry. I believe there never has been a time in the history of the Unitarian denomination more encouraging to consecrated ministers than it is to-day. I am sure that, if our young men throughout the country knew the wide field of usefulness that was open to them in this department of activity, they would crowd into it in greater numbers than they do at present. The statistics in the Year Book need give you no uneasiness whatever. I think it is safe to say that the unemployed list, which at a rapid glance seems very large, will, when analyzed, be found to contain nothing discouraging.

There are vacancies in Unitarian parishes to-day in considerable numbers that it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to fill promptly and satisfactorily. The demand for good ministers was never stronger than it is to-day. Would that the Holy Spirit might descend upon every young man when he is ordained, so that, whatever he was before, he might thereafter become a powerful and successful worker in the ministry! But that is impossible. A man may be good, honest, the very pattern and model of all that is sweet and lovely in Christian character, and still be utterly unfit for the ministry. Good ministers are not made by theological universities nor by ordination councils. I shall not attempt to submit any formula for the manufacture of ministers, nor set up any standard upon this subject. I can only say that, when we have the men in the ministry that are able and willing to perform the work that is needed, I heartily believe that the laymen of this country will rally to their support, and that they will find doors opening to them on every hand. I do not criticise the laymen for their indifference in some matters in the present. While the work of church extension is one that is ripe for carrying into execution, it is probably true, as we all know, that we could not to-day man many more churches than we have until our supply of ministers is increased.

Just how we are to settle this question I confess I am at present unable to determine. Consecration, self-denial, and self-sacrifice are called for somewhere. I believe laymen will be found to contribute money to any reasonable extent, when they see the men who are capable of doing the work that is necessary to be done. But whether the men will come forward in this spirit of self-sacrifice of which we have spoken, and prepare themselves, with faith that this can be done, remains to be seen.

Our Unitarian churches are growing stronger in every part of this country to-day in the face of the financial depression, and with the competition in theology that comes from the "liberal orthodox." There is no doubt in my mind that, when the present financial depression passes away, our churches will enter upon a career of growth and usefulness that will exceed the history of the past in every respect. I believe that our leaders and our ministers generally, are coming to a fuller appreciation of the magnitude of the work we have in hand and its entire adaptability to human needs. I trust that the men who are coming into the ministry will bring a new and devoted consecration to the highest and best interests of the church.

If the Unitarian Church is to amount to anything in the world, it must show why it exists and wherein it differs from others; and, having once outlined its position and defined its faith, it must stand by it manfully, openly, on every occasion,—not offensively, but bravely. I, for one, have no respect for that timid and hesitating, apologetic way of stating that we do not disagree with anybody. We do disagree with many people, and we have reason for it. We stand for the latest and best revelation of God to his people,—for the living God, the living truth, the living Christ; and, if we are not prepared to take our banner in our hands and carry it forward, then we have no right to be here.

One more word, and I close. I have already said that the only solid and lasting foundation for a church is religion. It is the business of the church to make men religious; that is, keenly alive and susceptible to the influences which spring from, grow out of, their relations to the Supreme Power that governs the universe. These relations are expressed in the beautiful watchwords of our denomination,—"Love to God and love to man." Ours is the church of the two great commandments. Let us stick to our business, and leave the old disputations to

those who can find no better way to employ their time. Let us build, not tear down. We have plenty of truth. God *in* the universe. Man divine by nature. Immortality a consciousness. Christianity a life. Jesus a spiritual model. Goodness, justice, righteousness. The principles needed for happiness in this and in all lives.

THE NEW LAW IN RELIGION.

A Review of the Life-work of Henry Drummond.

BY FREDERICK B. MOTT.

Henry Drummond was of that race which in these recent years has somehow seized the laurels in so many departments of literary skill, now holding the minds and hearts of all English-speaking people in philosophy, theology, science, and fiction. To this brilliant roll of honor, including Caird, Blackie, Stevenson, Barrie, and Watson, Drummond adds the name of another Scotchman.

He was born in 1851 at Stirling, that city of kings and castles, close to the historic field of Bannockburn. His father was a successful and wealthy merchant, and destined his son for the ministry in the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland. He was sent to Edinburgh University, and afterward to Germany. There he became deeply interested in physical sciences; and after returning to Scotland, though taking up with great enthusiasm certain evangelistic missionary work and accompanying Moody and Sankey for more than a year in their English tour, during which his brilliant oratory attracted attention, yet he did not become an ordained minister, and very soon accepted a professorship at Glasgow University.

About this time he became very intimate with Prof. Geikie (afterward Sir Archibald), the famous geologist, and with him came to America, and made a study of the geological curiosities of this country.

Returning to Scotland, he began to work out into literary form the thought that had been gathering strength in his mind: that the discoveries of science were not destructive of religion, but were real revelations of God; that the divine truth was there written in the strata of the Rocky Mountains, engrossed upon the isolated bowlders scattered down the Atlantic Coast, and engraved upon the imbedded fossils dug up in the coal mines of Pennsylvania. But, somehow or other, he did not say this. Either the bias of his strict theological training or the naturally fervid enthusiasm of his soul led him to invert the statement and distort the conclusion. He did not write, therefore, a great prophetic book, proclaiming "all law God's law"; but instead he wrote a subtle, brilliant, sensation-stirring apologetic, entitled "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," in which he began by graphically and in an exceedingly popular way outlining some of the latest conclusions of science, and then by brilliant special pleading soothed his own conscience and appeased the astonishment of his evangelical relatives and friends by declaring that all these natural laws were only additional proof of old-fashioned, creed-crowned Orthodoxy.

That book satisfied nobody, but it agitated every one. Its originality in drawing illustrations from the new knowledge of vegetable and animal life, its splendid language, its winning freedom from theological animosity, immediately secured an unusually large number of readers; and every reader was stimulated to fresh thinking, orthodox and liberal alike. Some were surprised out of old ruts of thought. Others were stimulated by his method, and the possibilities he suggested, to go on to more liberal conclusions. Although at that time Prof. Drummond himself did not admit it, and his personal friends did not believe it, yet the very arguments he advanced, suggestively in this first book, were evidence of the coming destruction of the old dogmas. What he really accomplished that was most practical and beneficial was to open the eyes of thousands to the fact that the Divine Face was to be seen, not only in the past, in the old revelation, in the days of the fathers and the Scriptures, but now, in moss beds by the river brim, in the rocks along the mountain pass, the insect swarms that fill the radiant summer air, the changing seasons, the rise and fall of all the myriad forms of nature's changes.

He made, therefore, a valuable book, fresh in treatment and likely to awaken the spiritual life.

That it failed to really satisfy its author is

abundantly evident. After putting the book in the hands of a publisher, he determined upon a more intimate and careful study of primitive life, and started upon a scientific exploration to the heart of Africa. It was there, far up the Zambesi River, without a single white companion, that he first heard of the wonderful success of his book. On his return he found himself famous; and his fascinating account of his experiences, entitled "Tropical Africa," had a wide circulation.

But it was in the field of religious thought that he had moved the hearts of his readers; and he was besieged by publishers, universities, institutions of learning everywhere, to give some more definite statement of his religious views.

Some said he was a destructive evolutionist. Some maintained that he was no such thing, but a firm supporter of the established faith. Which he was no one knew, and he could not enlighten the public; for with them he was equally ignorant. He was himself in the process of evolution. The bird on the edge of the nest hardly knows how far it will fly. This only he knew: he was seeking the Divine Face.

An urgent demand to deliver an important lecture at Oxford compelled him to make some public utterance; and it took wonderful form in that picture of the universality of love, entitled "The Greatest Thing in the World." Slight as the pamphlet was when published, its sale was enormous, a quarter of a million copies being demanded at once.

Prof. Drummond must have wondered why. Did it confirm the Scotch Presbyterians in their hope that this man was to be the new champion of the old faith? Certainly not.

Did it satisfy the eager modern scientists that he would sooner or later abandon the accepted creeds? Not in the least. But it is the most popular of all his works, and probably will always remain so. Just as the great chapter of Paul's letter to the Corinthians, which is its text, is marked in more home Bibles for continual reading than any other, so "The Greatest Thing in the World" is preferred by more hungry souls than all the arguments of the theologic ages.

It may not satisfy the whole demands of human intelligence; but it supplies at least the most essential spiritual nourishment, and reveals in the common path the Divine Presence. It seems to do for us what spring does for the flowers, when

> "Daffodil, lily, and crocus,
> They stir, they break from the sod;
> They are glad of the sun, and they open
> Their golden hearts to God."
>
> —*Ch. G. D. Roberts.*

So this breath of earnest human love bids us simply open our hearts to God, and tells us the greatest thing a man can do for his heavenly Father is to be kind to some of his other children.

So the world responded to this call, and Henry Drummond's name became a household word.

But his dearest friends were greatly puzzled; while those who knew him least, anxiously waited for more knowledge.

This because "the greatest thing in the world" was so broad, so universal in its application, it might mean anything when you came to test by it a man's faith. And on all sides, with a new astonishment, people began asking, If a man is not a Christian, not baptized, not confirmed, and yet is governed by a loving heart, that cannot make him a Christian? Does Drummond throw over the Westminster Catechism? Does he declare all the doctrine of the Church so much waste paper?

Then followed those wonderful essays,—"Pax Vobiscum," "The Changed Life," "Dealing with Doubt," and, at last, "What is a Christian?"

In every one we feel the author faithfully searching in the simplest and nearest things. He says: "God never made mountain tops to be inhabited. But streams *from* the mountain tops are to be found in the lowest valleys."

He quotes Prof. Huxley's examination paper in which the question was put, "What is a lobster?" And one student replied that a lobster was a red fish which moves backward, to which the examiner remarked that would be a very good answer but for three things: in the first place, a lobster is not a fish; second, it is not red; third, it does not move backward. And Prof. Drummond declares the ordinary definitions of "What is it to be a Christian?" are equally

misleading. They all imply the very things that a Christian is not. The Christian is not a man whose great aim in life is a selfish desire to save his own soul, nor the man who goes regularly to church in order to purchase admission to heaven.

The real programme of Christianity is,—

"To bind up the broken-hearted, to give liberty to the captives, to comfort all that mourn, to give beauty for ashes, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

"If any man wants to know how to begin to be a Christian, all that I can say is that he should do the next thing he finds to be done, as Christ would have done it."

After this Drummond made a tour of the world, lecturing in many places, and everywhere inspiring and quickening the higher spiritual life and winning the affection of all his hearers by his modest and gentle manner.

Meanwhile his thought ripened; and he prepared what is undoubtedly the great work of his life, and which he first gave to the world through the course of Lowell Lectures delivered in Boston in 1893. This course was afterward published, entitled "The Ascent of Man." It placed Prof. Drummond definitely and securely in line with the great prophets of the Unitarian faith (it is really Martineau's philosophy put in a popular, taking form and with marvellous insight, beauty, and feeling). He comes out clearly and definitely for the evolutionary theory of man's origin by a "strictly natural development" upward from lower to higher.

He says evolution includes the whole man, and *all* that is in man, and all the work and thought and life and aspiration of man; "and this, therefore, means not only a change of opinion about the great truths of religion, but a change in a man's whole view of the world and life."

"Only by bringing religion into harmony with all nature and into harmony with all our other knowledge can religion possibly retain its vitality."

"There are reverent minds who ceaselessly scan the fields of nature in search of gaps,—gaps which they fill up with God, as if God lived in gaps!" But evolution shows God everywhere; "and which is the nobler thought, occasional God or all God?"

"Positively, the idea of an immanent God, which is the God of evolution, is infinitely grander than the occasional wonder-worker who is the God of the old theology." Evolution is the *ceaseless* expression of God, the divine features in everything. "It is revelation."

"It enables man to discern the prelude to his destiny in the heart of Nature." "It is a light revealing in the chaos of the past a perfect and growing order. Men begin to see an undeviating ethical progress that from eternity has never turned.

"Galileo discovered that the earth moved from west to east. Evolution adds that it moves from low to high, that all things are rising,—worlds, planets, stars, suns, bodies, souls. An ascending energy is in all things. The universe is on the side of the man who aspires."

This has long been understood, of course, by all real appreciators of Emerson and Martineau; but we owe a great debt of gratitude to Drummond for making the best of Emerson's teaching practical and real, adding the new evidence and leading the faltering human mind into the inner presence of the secret of the one God by such plain and logical stages that the wayfaring man cannot err therein.

Prof. Drummond's early death is a tremendous loss to the progressive religious thought of the time. It was his intention to continue his study of the "ascent of man," to give us the evolution, not only of the primary faculties, but of the more complex, —the evolution of society, the evolution of religion. For as he said: "The miracle of evolution is not so much in its beginnings and process as in its results. . . . Evolution is not progress in matter: matter cannot progress. It is progress in spirit, in that which is limitless, in that which is at once most human, most rational, and most divine."

Let me conclude by quoting his advice to those who asked him, in the light of these new ideas, how they should live,—how would it be possible any longer to know what was God's will or to be led by him? Prof. Drummond replied:—

"First, pray. Second, think. Third, talk to wise people, but don't take what they say as final. Fourth, don't be afraid of your own inclinations. God never un-

necessarily thwarts man's nature and likings. It is a mistake to think that God's will is always in the line of the disagreeable. Fifth, do the next thing. Sixth, go ahead. Seventh, you need not find out that you have been led at all."

He might have added, quoting himself,—"If you give yourselves to many things, give yourselves first to love,—achieve the character of Christ," which is the new law in religion.

ETERNITY.

Eternity, thou mighty, awful vast,
Entombing all the countless ages past!
Upon thy bosom worlds have sunk to rest,
Unnumbered, under God's divine behest.
Creations rise against the wall of Time,
And trace their age across its spacious clime,
But fade away, as bubbles on the sea,
When rolled athwart thy realm, Eternity.
Behold! thou mother of unbounded space,
Is God himself more mighty than thy waste?
Or does he spring from off thy bosom grand,
And sway for thee thy sceptre's great command?
Impelling all the elements to raise
Unto thy wondrous throne a voice of praise,
Resounding through the universe entire,
And trembling 'gainst thy boundless home's attire.
March on, O Time, through myriad ages more,
Inscribing all thy thousand deeds of yore;
And when thou comest to yon distant blue,
Behold! thy travels, numbered, are but few;
And space rolls back more grand than e'er before,
Reveals immensity, but not its shore!
March on, O Time, fore'er across this field,
And chase the thunder homeward by its peal;
And, when thou'st conquered all the elements
That scatter broad throughout the firmaments,
Remember thou, O noble, conquering Time,
That, though thou'st scaled the highest heights sublime,
And wieldest there thy swaying sword so free,
Thou, too, must bow unto Eternity!

STEPHEN F. READ.

Cheered by the presence of God, I will do at each moment, without anxiety, according to the strength which he shall give me, the work that his Providence assigns me. I will leave the rest without concern: it is not my affair.—*Fénelon.*

CULTURE.

Emerson and Arnold.

Culture, unlike most social attainments, is a duplex combination of soul and social effect. It is an operation of inwardness, always insisting upon reaching perfection at the centripetal point within the soul-circle, beginning on the circumference and reaching centreward, from which all conscious thought radiates again to the outer. It is the nimbus surrounding a light which silently calls forth attention and admiration.

Culture is not a feathered hat which may be procured at any moment before starting, but is a continual growth and gradual gathering, not without effort, of the best in all things, great and small, and the appreciation of their adaptation. It uses all opinions, fires them in the crucible of private thought, and retains the gold after the dross has fallen away, nor is dominated by any because it happens to be new or popular. Culture desires the pure solidity of all things, and wastes no time with superfluities, combines religion, intellect, and poetry, and is beyond the meagreness of ordinary intelligence, which is satisfied to think in the same old rut his ancestors have laid out for him, and from the same thumb-marked, yellow-paged book of unvarying narrowness. "Culture is turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits, which we now follow stanchly, but mechanically, vainly imagining that there is a virtue in following them stanchly which makes up for the mischief of following them mechanically." The main vine may be the same vital growth at any period, but the branches under different suns and climates are bound to grow irregular and varying according to their reach and radius.

So "culture, which is the study of perfection, leads us to conceive of true human perfection as a harmonious perfection, developing all sides of humanity." True; and yet there is an opinion which endangers this in the fear of an "intellectual mediocrity" where there is universal education without the higher instruction of particular talents. It would seem, when we think of the "perfection of the harmonious whole," that the old, unhonored "Jack of all trades" might be made "a thing of beauty and a joy

forever" if we just kept on cultivating his many talents. Give a man all the accoutrements he may need to stem the tide on all sides, and he is fully equipped for any occasion. (He is bound to swim.)

What about the genius and his marvellous skill? We leave him to plod along with his one crippling pursuit, enlarging it to the exclusion of all other qualities. Yet he has attained a greatness. Emerson said on this: "Nature has no mercy, and sacrifices the performer to get it done.... If she wants a thumb, she makes one at the cost of arms and legs; and any excess of power in one part is usually paid for at once by some defect in a contiguous part." Now what are we to say? Surely, a man of great genius is not the most pleasant man to encounter. He is generally allowed a certain license for all the eccentricities he may establish: his theme is often beyond us, and he does not forsake his own for ours. Are any of us guilty of having termed such people bores?

Which, then, will we have,—the cultured and refined man of all things, who deftly covers all sharp corners, or the untutored gruffness and greatness of an erratic genius? Mediocrity or greatness? And where is individualism going?

Then, again, how many intellects are prepared to receive culture? Emerson again says, "There must be capacity for culture in the blood, else all culture is vain." We cannot think to promote life in a seed which has been sown upon bare rock. It is necessary that the dust of ages should be wafted there, and settle into a brown mould, before it may feel the pulsation of life.

When "culture humanizes knowledge," it humanizes humanity as well, and equalizes man by intellect, and not by clothes, by soul, not by gigantic hoards of wealth. "Culture directs our attention to the natural current there is in human affairs, and to its continual working, and will not let us rivet our faith upon any one man and his doings. It makes us see not only his good side, but also how much in him was of necessity limited and transient,... because the being in contact with the main stream of human life is of more moment for a man's total spiritual growth, and for his bringing to perfection the gifts committed to him, which is his business on earth."—*Arnold.*

Culture was never without charity any more than love without anxiety. Yet how often are the superficial accomplishments of exterior charm mistaken for culture, and accepted, when the true ring is better found beneath a dusty coat! Refinement does not dwell in glass houses to convince the public of its existence. Thoreau's wood-chopper, with whom he chatted often, was one of those who wore the rusty clothes.

What is it that prompts the little, old flag-man at the crossing to cultivate the ragged patch of ground to yield a straggling bloom of scarlet geranium? His hours are measured by the very minute, his life is absolutely prosaic; and yet he desires, with all his limitations in life, to feel a nearness to something that is above him, and must bring even a sprig of nature near him, that his famishing soul might not go athirst for one small drink. How much do a few scarlet blossoms compensate for it all?

Refinement is not an outward thing, but an inner power that reflects itself in action. It is innate, and we need no introduction to it. It is not put on from without, like a coat of varnish, to hide the scratches beneath: the veneering may fall off in an unguarded moment, and we behold the sad defect.

Then "culture is a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes, and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are, —which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable." And this very desire implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort. Not only does culture receive into herself, but diffuses again in impulses of love and beneficences to her neighbor. In this idea culture dwells among us, and is always lending a helping hand: she does not step aside with shrunken skirt to let us pass untainted. Had we more of this enlightenment in church and city, we should need fewer laws. There is often more sympathy and sweetness in the grasp of a rough brown hand than in all the flattery and slippery hand-shake of the tapered fingers. Emerson has said, "Heaven sometimes hedges a rare character about with ungainliness and odium, as the burr that protects the fruit"; and culture holds the secret of opening the burr without hurt to any one, and of promoting an expansion of the vital forces.

Culture, then, which believes in making "reason and the will of God prevail," and in the study of perfection, accepting what is right, not what is newest, draws toward a knowledge of universal order, and not only is enabled to see and learn, but to *prevail*, has then reached a moral, social, and benefiting ideal, "an expansion of all the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest."

Thus we will cultivate the higher, and leave the lower to perish as we go, expound the idea of "looking out for number one, no one else will," and each aid his neighbor over the rough places he himself has experienced.

When the internal condition of men and societies have so become, to the exclusion of all ungodly activities, and the spiritual welfare of the people has attained this perfection, *we shall not be here*. And, if we were, would not the millennial dawn appear too soon to despoil us of the enjoyment we will have striven so long to attain? Alas! it *might* be so.

JULIA DEWITT STEVENS.

THE DUTY OF LAYING IN MORAL BALLAST.

BY ALFRED GOODING.

"It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."—MATT. iv. 4.

"Provide yourselves bags that wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not."—LUKE xii. 33.

Political economists assure us that one of the marks of a high degree of civilization in a people is the strength of the desire to accumulate. Primitive man has no such desire, because he lacks forethought, and is without regard for the needs of the future. He knows what his immediate wants are, but he is incapable of imagining his future wants with sufficient vividness to cause him to take measures *now* to meet them. When he feels the pangs of hunger, he goes to work to allay them as quickly as possible with whatever food is nearest at hand; but, when that is accomplished, the thought that he is going to be hungry every day thereafter is not strong enough to induce him to make provision for the inevitable need. The lowest sort of savage is absolutely improvident,—has no thought beyond the present moment: he is satisfied to live literally from hand to mouth. After Roman Catholic missionaries had been working for years among the Indians of Paraguay, their converts were still scarcely able to look forward from one day to another. They would often, after ploughing, leave the oxen standing all night in the furrows, and sometimes, if hungry, would kill one of the animals on the spot, cook and eat him. Their minds could not reach beyond the satisfaction of the immediate craving.

From this state of absolute improvidence an upward step was taken when man found in the thought of future hunger a sufficient motive to planting and sowing, thus providing for a distant demand a distant supply. And, just in proportion as civilization has gone on increasing and the power of forethought and foresight has developed, man has learned to make provision for the future, anticipating the needs not only of to-morrow and of next year, but even of a remote old age, and devoting himself with untiring energy to the accumulation of wealth.

If the desire to accumulate is thus, as we have seen, a mark of civilization, then, so far as that proof goes, our age may certainly claim to be civilized above all others. Never before has the practical forethought which looks to the very end of the individual life, and makes provision for its remotest needs, existed in so marked a degree as to-day. Never before has the passion for accumulating wealth been so universal or so intense or attained such astonishing results. We read with amazement of the huge fortunes which have become so common in our midst that wealth has ceased any longer to confer distinction or even notoriety.

It is not, however, the millionaires who best illustrate the strength of the modern desire to accumulate, but the vast multitude of busy mortals who toil day in and day out, not simply to supply the needs of the day, but to gain a competency. Outside the ranks of unskilled labor I suppose there are very few men who do not work with a distinct purpose of providing for a remote future, when the failing physical powers will crave rest. Forethought has become such

a habit of the mind in most men as to be able to induce them to forego immediate ease and pleasure for the sake of a distant gain. They see so vividly the charm of a comfortable and enjoyable old age, free from all necessity of labor at a time when labor will have grown irksome, that it ceases to be difficult to pursue the routine of business, to undergo all manner of self-denial *now*. We may behold in them the supreme power of imagination. They submit to the meanest drudgery, refuse all opportunities for present rest and leisure, in order that they may some day realize a good which exists now but in the mind's eye.

One often hears this modern passion for accumulating disparagingly and scornfully spoken of, but I cannot believe that a desire which implies so high a development of forethought and imagination is in itself evil. Up to a certain degree, indeed, all civilization depends upon it; and, if it should cease to animate the human heart, the world would revert to barbarism. But it often happens that a powerful motive, good in itself, works harm when it is too narrowly confined. It needs several channels, perhaps, instead of the single one to which we limit it. If all the water that falls in a mountainous region were poured into a single river-bed, the resulting torrent would produce devastation along its banks; but, being distributed over different water-sheds, the rainfall contributes to keep a number of streams at just that fulness which the mills and the aqueducts need. Similarly, when a man looks into the future, and experiences the natural desire to accumulate that which will insure his comfort and happiness in the future, if he turns that desire wholly in the direction of material gain, he meets with those disasters with which the spectacle of such lives as his has made us sufficiently familiar. When he reaches the future for which he has been saving up so faithfully, he finds that he has made provision for only one portion of it. His *physical* needs are amply supplied, but *intellectually* and *spiritually* he finds himself in the depths of poverty. Then he recognizes that, instead of turning the desire of accumulation into this one channel of material gain, he ought to have diverted it partly into the channels of the mind and the spirit. To drop the figure of speech, he recognizes that his passion to accumulate for the future was too narrow in its object. It was well that he should seek to lay up money, so that his old age might be free from anxiety, want, and the necessity of toil. So far he had made no mistake. Where he made his mistake was in neglecting to lay up something besides money,—intellectual treasures, the riches of the inner life.

Instead, therefore, of seeking to weaken and diminish the desire of accumulation, I would intensify and broaden it, so that it should cover not only material, but spiritual wealth, not only dollars, but ideas, not only means to the comfort of the body, but to the welfare and happiness of the soul. Certainly, the highest possible civilization will demand this broader conception of accumulating. It will insist that the man who lays up only money is not doing his whole duty by the future, is neglecting very essential conditions of success in preparing himself for a happy and beautiful old age. This is evident enough when we contemplate the last years of a life that has been wholly given to the accumulation of wealth. Here is the old age of ease for which all this money has been laid up. It is certainly free from anxiety, want of any kind. It is a time of leisure, freedom, and peace, rich in all that unlimited means can procure; and yet we should all agree that it is not a very happy old age, because it lacks certain treasures which are essential to happiness. It has in abundance that which satisfies the physical being, but it has almost nothing for the mind and soul. Hitherto the affairs of business have kept the mind active. These having been renounced, and there being nothing to take their place, the unhappiness of inaction necessarily follows. What a blessing, then, to such a man would be the possession of literary tastes and habits, a knowledge and love of noble books, a fondness for some branch of science to which these years of leisure might be devoted! If the successful seeker after wealth had only accumulated other treasures as well, then he would have realized his ideal of a noble and happy old age.

Hamerton, in one of his clever essays, suggests a very helpful figure of speech to illustrate and emphasize the need of intellectual accumulation in a busy life. It is taken from the art of sailing. It is a well-

known fact, says Hamerton, that, in tacking, the properly ballasted boat shoots ahead, while the light boat often needs the help of an oar. The former has acquired a certain momentum which carries it over just that spot where, in tacking, the wind fails to act upon the canvas. Is not this fact suggestive of the necessity of accumulating intellectual and moral power, weight, ballast, in our own characters, to carry us safely over certain places in life which correspond to those moments when, in tacking, the sails have not yet caught the breeze?

Take, for instance, the career of the man of business. What is it that impels him along his course? Ambition, the desire for material gain, the love of active work. These are most efficient motive powers, and for years they suffice. He feels no need at all of accumulating intellectual treasures of any kind. Life is full of intense interest and fascination, and goes so swiftly that the years seem like days. But at length comes a time when this swift motion ceases,—a time of enforced idleness, when ambition and the love of gain must be renounced, when complete rest must take the place of active work. He has reached one of those places in life which correspond to the moment when, in tacking, the wind fails to act upon the sails, and the boat must depend upon the momentum imparted by its ballast. Then he feels, for the first time, the need of those intellectual accumulations which he has failed to make. The ordinary sources of contentment and happiness are no longer available, and he has neglected to lay in that mental ballast which would serve to carry him across this period of enforced leisure. Who has not known such men, helpless, wretched, trying one makeshift after another to get themselves across the dull days? They present, indeed, a pitiful spectacle and a forcible reminder of the necessity of cultivating other tastes than those which suffice only while we can remain in the busy rush of affairs.

In the experience of such men I find an argument in favor of a college education for the man of business. I know all the old objections that are urged against such an education,—that it involves a delay of several years in the entrance into active life, that it unfits a man for the drudgery which is unavoidable in the beginning of a business career, that a knowledge of the classics and the natural sciences is of no service to him in buying and selling; but there is this to remember, that, although he may not need a liberal education to become a successful merchant, although he may acquire wealth without possessing any intellectual tastes whatever, any love for books, any treasure of noble thought, yet the time comes when he needs these to carry him over those places in his life where the breeze of active business interests no longer avails. At such a time the habit of study, the taste for intellectual acquirement, which he had gained in his college days, comes back to save him from that aimless and unhappy existence which is the fate of so many men who have retired either for a brief period or permanently from a business career. And so I maintain the value of a liberal education, not simply for the followers of a profession, but for men of affairs,—for all to whom so great a privilege is open.

And, if it is true that we need this *intellectual* accumulation or ballast to carry us safely across certain places in life where the usual motive-power ceases to be operative, it is equally true that we have need of what might be called *moral* ballast, an accumulation of moral energy or power, to take us over places of peculiar temptation. Ordinarily, we are subjected to certain powerful influences for good which keep us true to the course of upright and honorable living. Such are the influences of public opinion, of good companionship and good reading, of home and church life. While these are acting upon us, there is not much danger lest we suffer wreck. But I suppose there are times in almost every life when these good influences cease for a while to act. It is like that moment in the sailing of a boat when the wind has no effect upon the sails, and the boat must depend upon its own momentum acquired through proper ballasting.

Take, for instance, any one of that almost countless multitude of young men who are leaving their homes to begin active life in some distant community. At once he is beyond those direct influences for good which have hitherto so largely determined his course,—influences of home, of church, of friends. In time, of course, it is possible for him to come under a new set of similar

influences in his new place of residence, to acquire social and religious connections which will be no less helpful to him than the old were. But meanwhile there is a period when neither the old nor the new influences are operative, and when, unless there is some inward controlling energy at work, the young life is apt to drift, to make no headway toward the region where the favoring breezes will once more reach it. What can carry it triumphantly through this period save the momentum imparted to it by *moral ballast*,—that accumulation of lofty principle, of definite moral purpose and strength, of noble habit, which ought to have been forming through all the years of youth? He alone who has acquired this inward power can pass with absolute safety and ease through the temptations which appeal with peculiar force to him during the time of transition between the old home and the new, when one body of good influences is behind him and the other before him, neither being operative. It is well for parents to remember this,—their children cannot always be moved and guided by the beneficent influences of home,—there are times in every life when the moral motive power and guidance must come from within, from the trained conscience and the strengthened will, and that these should be equal to their responsibilities ought certainly to be the supreme aim of all to whom the education of the young is intrusted.

And if, to continue our use of Hamerton's suggestive figure of speech, there are these places in the voyage of life which we can cross successfully only through the momentum imparted by an acccumulation of intellectual or moral power, so there are other places in that same voyage where we are apt to drift helplessly and aimlessly unless we have made ourselves the possessors of certain *spiritual* energies and resources. No life is free from periods of sorrow, perplexity, and doubt, when the interest, the beauty, the joy of living, no longer avail to bear us onward, when the motive power of ambition and hope ceases to act. If we have not ourselves experienced, we have seen in other lives, such times as these, when some great calamity has taken away their strength and joy and has left them drifting, apparently no longer capable of progress; and we cannot help asking ourselves, What can take them, what can take *us* when we come into the same sorrowful plight, across the difficult places where the winds of hope and interest and duty have ceased to blow? When all outward things have become ineffectual, whence shall come the power that we need save from *within*, — from the treasures of religious faith and trust which we have accumulated in our happier days? These alone can impart that momentum which may carry us safely through the places of sorrow and doubt into that region where the common motives, interests, and ambitions of life reassume their power.

And so it is well for us, before these inevitable experiences come, to acquire something of that stanch confidence in the divine goodness and love, that attitude of religious faith, that habit of trusting in an infinite Providence, of which every human life must sooner or later have need. Let us not go on thoughtlessly and heedlessly, as though life were a voyage in which the winds must ever be fair and the waters smooth. Let us rather, through earnest and devout thought, through intercourse with the noble and serious minds of the past, through communion with Him who is the source of all strength and comfort, seek to acquire that inward, unfailing power which shall not suffer us to drift as best we may through the days of perplexity and sorrow, but shall carry us safely through them once more and with new energy and consecration to enter upon the God-appointed course of usefulness, duty, and hope.

Our Father, grant that we may provide ourselves those treasures of spiritual strength and faith which may sustain and support us in our days of need and perplexity. Help us to gain that inward energy and power which may carry us over those places in our experience where all customary and outward helps must fail. May thy holy spirit dwell within us, the ever-living source of strength and comfort. Amen.

Religion is not a method: it is a life, a higher and supernatural life, mystical in its root and practical in its fruits, a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows.—*Amiel's Journal.*

THE HIGHER UNITARIANISM.

BY JOHN C. KIMBALL.

The word "unity" means a great deal more than either oneness or singleness or totality or wholeness. It carries with it the germ of the significance which comes out more fully in the words "union," "unitedness,"—implies plurality as well as oneness, and, finer still, implies a plurality in which each part is organically bound up with every other to make the whole, and has in itself something which for its completeness involves and necessitates the whole.

In the physical universe all things are related to all things, and each is what it is, not because of itself alone, but because of its relations with all the others, this constituting it the universe, one of the grandest conceptions the scientific mind has ever reached. Cuvier was able from the single bone of an unknown animal to describe its entire structure,—what class, order, genus, species, it belonged to, what food it ate, what environment it dwelt in, and, generally, its habits of life, descriptions verified in some cases by the finding afterward of the animal's other parts. The whole world is such an animal, and everything in it such a bone, needing only a greater Cuvier to deduce, out of everything known, everything unknown. Tennyson's "Little Flower in the Crannied Wall" is sweetest poetry based on soundest science:—

"If I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

There is nothing anywhere in nature which is really ignoble, mean, and commonplace, except to ignoble, mean, and commonplace eyes,—nothing which to infinite vision does not have in it infinite greatness. The immense silver mine of Potosi in Peru, as the geographies used to tell us, was discovered by an Indian, who, in climbing a mountain after a goat, caught hold of a bush to help him along, when up came the bush, and under it gleamed the shining metal. It was within the leaden casket which the Prince of Arragon and the Prince of Morocco had passed by in contempt that Bassanio found the lovely picture of Portia, and with it the title to her own fairer self. It is under wayside bushes in all lands that are Potosi mines of truth; within all leaden caskets that Bassanio wisdom, opening them, would find prizes which princely blindness is forever passing by. Not from the lifted skies themselves, but from a falling apple came to Newton the law of the stars; not in the scholar's study, but out in the stock-raiser's barnyard was revealed to Darwin the origin of species; not through the crashing thunderbolt, but through the dance of pith-balls and the twitching of a frog's leg was opened to Gilbert and Galvani the marvel of the electric world.

"'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles through showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
That alway, alway something sings."

Matter has long been despised by religion as gross and dead, spirit, by science as beyond the realm of what can be reasoned upon and weighed and measured. But we are fast finding that, to know each thoroughly, we must know something of the other. The soul holds the key which opens the sod, and he who goes clean through the door of the atom will find himself in the temple of the universe.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

"All served, all serving, nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown."

The unity which is true of all space is equally true of all time. We think of only present time as having any actual existence, think of the past as dead and gone, say of it,—

"Thy mighty clamors, wars, and world-wide deeds
Are silent now and dust,
Gone like a tremble of the huddling reeds
Beneath some sudden gust";

and eternity we make wholly separate from the temporal,—place it, as we do spirit, beyond the range of what sense can know. But each of its parts is in the others, and something of its whole is in its minutest each. Out in Eastern Oregon, where the soil is crumbled basaltic rock scores of feet deep, and the rainfall of a whole season is sometimes only scores of drops, the bunch-

grass which thrives there,—as nutritious as grain,—in getting moisture for its growth, sends down its little thread-like roots a fathom or more beneath the surface occupied by its stalk. All present things are bunch-grass. Their stalks and blades are in the light and air of to-day; but they have a myriad slender rootlets going down into the remotest of the world's crumbled yesterdays, and from which they get a part of their growth. All which is, the outcome by natural laws and forces of all which was,—that is evolution.

> "The present moves attended
> With all the brave and excellent and fair
> That made the old time splendid,"—

that is its song.

Among the marvels of plural personality, a subject to which the attention of psychology is now being largely drawn, is the case of a mature man, one of whose alternate persons periodically taking charge of him was that of his own self at the age of ten or twelve,—his boyish tastes, habits, amusements, knowledge, tones of voice,—everything which he was then. It is a phenomenon which utterly confounds all our existing psychology, even that of evolution,—makes it look as if our successive stages of personality were not dissolved one into another, but were, rather, like the annual rings of a tree, covered up by the ones which were grown last; and it is wonderfully suggestive of how the past, even the apparently most evanescent and changed-from past, is latent in the present, is that which the present has in a sense overlaid, and is still useful in giving it size and strength.

As all the past is in the present, so all the present, and all which has ever been in any present, was in the past, in a past, too, whose remoteness no thought can measure, —the seed of all our institutions, letters, arts, civilizations, and, must we not say, souls, in nature's original raw material. More thoroughly so, it must have been, than any plant is now in its seed, for the plant has its environment as one factor of its development; but the universe has had no environment to help shape it, had as its factor only its indwelling spirit. And a finer-eyed Cuvier, inspecting its atoms and knowing all their laws and forces, moral as well as material, might perhaps have foretold what its whole structure was ultimately to be.

On the same principle and as a phase of the same organic unity all the future must be a germ in the present, and is what any one knowing all the present, its volitional as well as its physical factors, could predict,—that, too, not because its outcome is fate, but because necessity and free will must somehow be organically related, human choices, perhaps, the differentiations of necessity, and not the less choices because within the domain of some higher spiritual law. The fruit of yesterday, the seed of to-morrow,—that is what to-day forever is. And, when the winter of death intervenes before the full growth of the seed, why should we suppose the process is to be stopped, why believe otherwise than that each briefest moment of time is germinal with all eternity can ever be? This was Jesus' conception of eternal life, something which man can have the beginning of now; this the Buddhist doctrine of Karma:—

> "What hath been, bringeth forth what shall be, is,
> Worse, better,—last for first, first for last.
> The angels in the Heaven of Gladness reap
> Fruit of a holy past."

This what we sing in our Christian hymn,—

> "The life above, when this is past,
> Is the ripe fruit of life below."

It is a unity which includes all events and actions as well as all things and all time, makes each related organically to each, and gives to each something of the grandeur and character of the whole. The custom is to speak of them as great and small, mercenary and moral, secular and sacred; and, taken by themselves, so, perhaps, they are. But, taken in their relations and with reference to the laws and forces they embody and the uses to which they are put, they mock at all human categories. When the universe wants a kingly event to dominate its affairs, how often does it pass by the royal houses of its Sauls, and pick up for the place some lowly David out of its shepherd fields; when a prophet deed to inaugurate some new era in its religious history, how prone it is to ignore its sons of a priestly Eli, and take an infant Samuel out of a peasant Hannah's humble arms. Who of us in keeping a diary has not found on

rereading it—if such a thing he ever does—that the events, the crises, the personages that his whole after destiny has hinged upon, were at the time so insignificant as not to have had even the most casual mention? It is sometimes urged against the historical reality of Jesus that he is not spoken of either by Josephus or with certainty by any historian of his age. But this is what, in some degree, is continually happening.

> "Backward look across the ages
> And the beacon moments see,
> That, like peaks of some sunk continent,
> Jut through oblivion's sea.
> Not an ear in court or market
> For the low forbidding cry
> Of those crises, God's stern winnowers,
> From whose feet earth's chaff must fly:
> Never shows the choice momentous,
> Till the judgment hath passed by."

So with morals. Nature has no special volume in which to bind them up, no separate agents to do their work, no supernatural seed from which to raise their fruit. All evil includes in its kingdom as a possibility all good, all good as a possibility all evil; and the boundary which parts their actual sway is not unfrequently harder to draw than were a year ago any Venezuela border lines,—

> "And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
> Where ends the virtue or begins the vice."

It is Satan, not in the book of Job alone, but in all history, who is found to come back from his wandering to and fro over the face of the earth to make his report among the sons of God; and sometimes it has been a better report than theirs. Take the good things out of the world which have come from evil men, evil deeds, evil designs, and how much worse a world it would be! Take the bad things out of it which have come from good men, good deeds, good designs, and how much a better world we should have!

It is a unity both of whose parts are sometimes seen at different ages and in different environments on the same stalk. Many of to-day's finest virtues have very unlovely roots! Justice was evolved out of resentment, reverence out of fear, emulation out of envy, trust out of trade, morality itself out of manners, and, farther back, out of utility. Our religion of love is the well-known direct descendant of a religion whose motive was fear, and whose motto, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." The passage from the promiscuousness of the sexes to the sanctity and tenderness of marriage and the home was through a savage horde's knocking down with a club the women of other tribes, and dragging them by the hair of their heads as booty to their captor's hut, he claiming and defending thenceforth as his own private property what he had won by his own courage and strength. The white flower of universal peace bids fair to blossom at last, not out of a doctrine of the church, but on the perfected stalk of the world's military equipment out of the blood-red bud of war. And, generally, though the church to-day in some of its branches thinks it has a special mission to save the world, and tries to keep itself aloof from all secular undertakings, how many of man's best reforms have originated outside of ecclesiastical walls; how many of the church's own choicest sanctities fruited on despised secularities; and, in the matter even of saving souls, how often is good food proving itself hardly less efficient than good faith!

Is it too much to think that the same principle will hold true in the spirit world in relation to heaven and hell,—that between them, too, in spite of the great gulf by which they are separated, there is an organic unity, something in each which implies and necessitates the other, and that an omniscient Cuvier, taking up a bit of burning marl, would read on it the Tree of Life, and, tracing downward the Tree of Life, would find it had rootlets in the burning marl? I believe in hell, but as a place not of punishment, but of salvation, believe in heaven, but as a place a part of whose purity it owes to purgatory. A traveller in Palestine says that some of the most delicious grapes he ever ate he plucked from a vine in the valley of Gehenna near Jerusalem, where the city offal was formerly burned, the valley which gave its name to the place beyond the groves where the world's spiritual offal was thought to be cast and burned; and perhaps it may be found that some of the finest fruits at the table of the Lord through all the eternal years are those nourished in the ashes of

what was once the universe's spiritual Gehenna.

Such an organic unity between the secular and the sacred, the bad and the good, does not imply that there is no real difference between them at the core, that evil is not evil and good not good, or that the one necessarily, without effort, is to unfold into the other. It means that neither can exist alone; that difference down to the very core, antagonism itself, is not wholly antagonistic; that there is nothing in the universe, even its worst part, unused, unrelated, undivine,—means even in the case of heaven the truth of Emerson's words:—

> "All are needed by each one,
> Nothing is fair or good alone."

And it encourages effort everywhere. Wonderful as science is, there is no knowing by it from the outward aspect of things what form progress next will take, in what new Nazareth the world's coming Christ will be born, which of the forces struggling for good, those inside or outside of the church, will survive as the fittest,—no family anywhere with will-power in it, not even the most secular, which is cut off from nature's line of "apostolic succession." The lesson is for all to be ready for the divine anointing, all to try for the highest and best. And as of old every Jewish maiden, however humble her position, knew there was the possibility of her becoming the mother of the promised Messiah, and so kept herself pure and consecrated for the office,—a most potent factor in Hebrew morals, one which helps explain their chastity to-day,—so it is for every agency in our time, not only every church, but every reform, every occupation, every person, even the most humble and secular, to keep themselves prepared as a part of the world's great organic whole to be the medium of that Messianic coming which is never to cease.

Pre-eminently, it is a unity which extends through all forms of religious thought. Not only does each one contain some truth which is needed to make up all truth, as each stone of a pile is needed to make the whole pile, but, more than this, each one has relations with all the others without which neither one nor all could be what they are. There is a kingdom of religion in the same way that there is an animal and a vegetable kingdom, a kingdom in which without its lowest members its highest would soon die out. Their friends mourn sometimes that there is so much Paganism in Christianity and so much worldliness in the church. But without its Paganism Christianity would never have seen a hundred years, and without its worldly elements the church would starve to-morrow. Significantly does Paul say, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and the barbarians, both to the wise and the unwise." Significantly did the old deacon, who in his sickness had been neglected by his brethren, but attended to by his neighbors, "thank God" at the first prayer-meeting after he got out "that there were yet some sinners left in the world; for thou knowest, Lord, that without them I should have died." And beyond all ecclesiastical bounds, ahead of all missionaries, deeper into doubt and ignorance than any preacher's voice has ever dropped its plummet, there is something of Christianity, something in the farthest heathenism and the crudest scepticism, which implies somewhere its fullest truth, as certainly as Cuvier's single broken bone did the animal he had never seen,—the worship of the spirit which is organic with the worship of a stone, and the Fatherhood of God at the head of a body which has fetich feet.

Nor is it a unity which includes existing religions alone. As no zoölogy can be complete which does not embrace paleontology, so no theology can be without gaps which does not take in all dead religions. They are not dead except in outward form. Heredity is as true of faiths as it is of animals and plants. What the world is religiously to-day is the outgrowth of what the world has been religiously up through all past time. Every church has in it not only the fossils and rudimentary living organs of its predecessors, like the skeletons which are in the rocks, and the ear muscles and third eyelid and thyroid gland which are in man, but in its present most active and careful parts qualities which only their predecessors could have nourished, and truths of which they alone could have laid the foundation. Our finest Christian faith is only highly evolved ancient superstition. Without its long ages of bigotry and in-

tolerance, keeping it from mixture with foreign blood, it is doubtful whether the world to-day would have any gospel pure enough to be liberal and tolerant. The doctrine of the Divine Unity as now held, the unity of an all-pervading Deity, did not come to us direct out of the Hebrew Bible, where the Deity is conceived of as only supreme over other gods, but from a union of Christian Trinitarianism and Greek naturalism. Our soaring wings of prayer, like the feathered ones of the eagle and dove, are the outgrowth of reptilian fore limbs which ages ago grovelled and crawled, our rosy fingers of philanthropy the development of inner brute claws that were once red with rapine. And, as man owes a large part of his physical health and strength to ancestors who gathered them up under open skies in the wilds of nature and under the impulse of mere animal appetite and passion, so he owes his spiritual vigor and his capacity and courage to fight in our day the great battles of right and truth and liberty to savage souls who in the long ago lived in the wilds of religious thought, and won them in fights for pagan idols and savage superstitions.

Nor is it a relationship of which religion has reason to be otherwise than proud. It co-ordinates it with all other things on earth as a natural product. Rooted so deep, reaching out so broadly, what can ever pull it up or tear it down? A thing which has organic life at its core, and has grown up so far and so fair out of the past, what promise does it have in its very nature of growth skyward and of fruit celestial in the long years to come?

It is the recognition and acting on this all-embracing unity which constitutes the higher Unitarianism,—God not alone in one person or three, or in one event, one age, or one religion, but in all persons, all events, all ages, all religions, and they all in each other and in him, making them all related, all divine, all moving to one glorious end!

The needful thing is not that we abate, but that we consecrate, the interests and affections of our life, entertain them with a thoughtful heart, serve them with the will of duty, and revere them as the benediction of God.—*James Martineau.*

PARSON MERRIVALE'S DOUBT.

BY REV. MATTHEW LOCK.

Rev. William Merrivale, minister of the Church of Select Souls, was, up to a certain period of his life, a very sensible man.

But of late he had repeatedly referred in his sermons to the great social questions. These few words attracted more attention than all the rest of the sermon. On Sunday, the 14th of November, 1894, he even went so far as to say that there were wrongs done the laboring man. He did not qualify his words. He made the bold assertion that in our present great civilization certain wrongs were done the toilers. Many of the good women of the church were shocked, and they so expressed themselves. Mrs. Fairhaven took the matter greatly to heart. She felt something must be done. At the first opportunity she made her feelings known to Mr. Beardsley Nylesome, who was the wealthiest member of the congregation. But he treated the matter rather lightly, and with some apparent approval.

"Surely, Mr. Nylesome," protested Mrs. Fairhaven, "you think our pastor has gone too far in this matter."

"Possibly, possibly, my dear Mrs. Fairhaven; but we must not be hard on Mr. Merrivale."

"Oh, you speak as you always do out of the generosity of your heart."

"Not at all, not at all. It is only right," answered Mr. Nylesome. "It is only right that we should bear a little with our guide in spiritual things. Every man has his peculiarities, even his follies."

"Oh! but I do wish Mr. Merrivale would not speak about such dreadful things as laboring men in the very midst of some of his most beautiful sermons. It jars on me. I really don't believe he has those things written down. He can't have. I am sure they are horrible extempore remarks that come in almost of themselves, mean things. I'll speak to Mrs. Merrivale about this."

"Indeed I would, Mrs. Fairhaven. It might be a most excellent thing," said Mr. Nylesome, rather pleased. "Mrs. Merrivale is a most sensible woman,—most sensible!"

This bit of conversation took place at a gathering of the more prominent members

of the congregation at the home of Mr. Nylesome. At this gathering, of course, the pastor and wife were present. He, the parson, was rallied in a good-natured way about the drift of a few of his sermons,—rather his remarks in the midst of his sermons. Mr. Butterthorne smilingly remarked that Mr. Merrivale was quite interested of late in social questions.

"A little," was Mr. Merrivale's reply, blushing, and even stammering over his sentence of two words.

"That's right, parson, a minister ought to be broad-minded, many-sided, liberal. I believe in speaking right out. 'Let the mouth say what is in the heart.'"

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Butterthorne. I am so glad you think so. Your words cheer me," earnestly spoke Mr. Merrivale.

"But," promptly put in Mr. Butterthorne, "one ought also to be very cautious about his remarks on such subjects. Great care is needed and fine discrimination. There are limits."

"Of course, most certainly. But I sincerely hope I have never overstepped the proper bounds? I trust not?" was Mr. Merrivale's rather anxious question.

"No parson, not exactly. But last Sunday, for instance, you in your earnestness incautiously used such words as 'agitating the public mind': and 'these are great and grave questions,—burning questions.'"

"Ah! and, pray, what is wrong in these words, sir?" inquired the pastor.

"There now, parson, your earnestness is always coming up. It will destroy you some day. 'Agitate' is a strong word, parson. And 'burning,' if I must say it, is altogether too strong."

"Perhaps so; but these are great questions, Mr. Butterthorne."

"True, parson, very interesting; but not so important to suffering men as 'heaven,' 'home,' 'paradise,' 'beautiful nature,' 'the sweet song of the birds.' These are helpful, cheering subjects."

"Perhaps, Mr. Butterthorne, you are right."

"Oh, I'm right, parson."

"But the truth is that some of my remarks were not written out, and strong words slipped in."

"I thought so, parson. You see plain speaking brings out the truth. It helps the pulpit mightily to have one speak out, when it goes a bit astray."

"Assuredly, sir," was Mr. Merrivale's coinciding remark.

"I must leave you now, for I see Mrs. Fairhaven and Mr. Nylesome; and I must speak to them about a little charity scheme of mine."

The evening was perhaps not as pleasant for Mr. Merrivale as it might have been.

Nor did his peace of mind return when he arrived at home, for Mrs. Merrivale showed great distress of mind on her part. It was so marked that Mr. Merrivale asked her what troubled her.

"O William, it is terrible!" burst out Mrs. Merrivale.

"What do you mean, May?"

"Oh, you know well enough, William."

"I suppose, dear, you mean my remarks on social questions. Have they bothered you about them?"

"Of course, I do; and I almost feel like crying." Mrs. Merrivale, if required, could cry; but it was a luxury she did not often permit herself to enjoy. Her husband humbly replied:—

"May, my dear, I am sorry I ever was so foolish. But I'll try, I'll try."

"You have said that so often lately that I can hardly trust you, William. This very evening Mrs. Fairhaven spoiled all my enjoyment by asking me if your dreadful remarks were written out. I said, 'I thought not.' Now were they, William, or were they some of those horrid extempore things? Were they? Tell me."

"You seem very much excited, my dear. I'll tell you, they were not written."

"Oh, I thought so! I just think it's a sin to give way to the temptation the way you do."

"I'll promise, May, not to do it again." With this the wife's face lighted up, her distress of mind departed. He kissed her; and they sat down, and chatted pleasantly enough over the evening's gathering.

In the coming days, however, it often happened that Mr. Merrivale, in spite of his wife's protests, in spite of hints and more than hints from Mr. Butterthorne and others, in spite of his own good resolutions, would now and then fall.

"I can't help it, May."

"But you must, William," protested the wife.

"It is my heart, May, that speaks in defiance of all my efforts. Somehow, I feel a man in me which I am all the time crushing, yet which masters me at times."

"It is nonsense, husband, and a sin. You have done very well since the gathering at Mr. Nylesome's. If you had only been more careful the last two Sundays. Think of the church, think of the children, think of me. Do you love us? If you do, keep to your resolution. Be a man, and conquer."

"It is because I love you, and think I love the church, that I crush this desire to say something about these questions. But it is over now. And with your help I'll conquer."

Into the already agitated pastor's life came what has been called by corporate interests "The Humiliating Report of the Strike Commission." This report was prepared by a commission of three, of whom Mr. Carroll D. Wright was chairman. It was read by Mr. Merrivale, and again stirred up the struggling life within.

But this was not the worst that happened. About Christmas time one of the poorer members of the congregation of the Church of Select Souls sent his pastor as a present a copy of Henry D. Lloyd's "Wealth against Commonwealth." Could anything worse happen under the circumstances? Mr. Merrivale read and devoured the book with fear and trembling. He was like a dyspeptic who ate what he knew he ought not to eat.

And this book of Lloyd's, this report of Wright's, both had terrible lessons in them. If true, they were dangerously true. At least, they came at the right moment to kindle into an unquenchable blaze the sympathy of Mr. Merrivale for the wronged. He must speak. He kept his determination to himself. He dared not hint his purpose to his wife. She would turn him aside. He wrote out what he wished to say.

Sunday came, the first Sunday in March, 1895. Mr. Merrivale almost hoped it might rain or snow, so that the congregation might be a small one. He was conscious of his cowardice. But he dared not turn back. The day was bright and clear and warm.

It was a habit with Mr. Merrivale to walk alone on Sunday mornings to the church, that in this way he might gird himself for the day's work. Generally, he arrived at the church fifteen or twenty minutes before the congregation. But to-day he so timed himself as to get there just a few minutes before the hour to begin the service. For he did not wish to speak to anybody, nor to have any one ask him what was his text or subject.

His prayer that morning had more than its usual depth and power. It had a burden. The congregation gave a long breath when the pastor ceased, as if they, too, had listened and been touched. The hymn before the sermon was Whittier's well-known one:—

> "Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight
> Through present wrong the Eternal Right."

The audience sang,—an unusual thing; for this part of God's service was generally left to a few persons paid to praise by proxy.

The sermon,—the time came for it. Mr. Merrivale rose, laid his manuscript before him, and began:—

"My brethren, the subject of this morning's sermon is 'Modern Pharaohs.' My text is the first verse of the eighth chapter of the book of Exodus: 'And the Lord spake unto Moses, Go unto Pharaoh, and say unto him, Thus saith the Lord, Let my people go, that they may serve me.'"

There was nothing extraordinary about the sermon. It lacked the spontaneous power of the prayer. Yet it did say that there were modern Pharaohs, who oppressed God's people. It did say that God demanded his people's freedom, that they might serve him.

Mrs. Fairhaven glanced across the church to Mr. Nylesome's pew, and caught his eye. She also looked over to where Mrs. Merrivale sat, and saw that that unfortunate woman was greatly distressed. Mr. Butterthorne's head was bowed, and resting on his hand. He did not look up to the speaker, as was his custom. There was all about an air of disapproval, and the preacher felt it. His spirit fell. He stood alone in his own strength, and that was utter helplessness. Opposition kindled no resisting energy. "O God, pity me!" was his silent prayer.

Now it sometimes happens that things occur which are beyond verbal utterance. One of these things was the feelings of the congregation of the Church of Select Souls

on this particular Sunday. By Monday, however, it became possible to give utterance to these feelings. It was within the grasp of the committee. Mr. Nylesome, Mr. Butterthorne and the other members of the Parish Committee, having talked the matter over among themselves, decided to call upon Mr. Merrivale to protest against his recent utterances, and more especially against such flagrant expressions as those of the previous Sunday. They made their call on Monday morning about eleven o'clock, and were shown into the minister's study. In this study were pictures, books, chairs, tables, carpets, one and all the gifts of the very men who composed the committee. After a few general remarks Mr. Butterthorne took up the real matter in hand.

"Mr. Merrivale," he began, "we have come to speak about, to protest against, some of your recent utterances on so-called social topics. To be frank, sir, last Sunday's sermon was an insult to every member of your congregation."

"I am sorry, gentlemen, to offend you, indeed I am," was Mr. Merrivale's humble reply. "But are there no modern Pharaohs? Are there no oppressors and oppressed? Is not God calling on the oppressors to let his people go, as of old?"

This boldness astonished, not only the committee, but, most of all, the minister himself. Where were his tongue and nerves carrying him?

"We thought," protested Mr. Butterthorne, with considerable warmth, "that, by this time, calm reflection would suggest to you the wisdom of retracting your foolish utterances of yesterday."

The minister made a motion as if to speak; but Mr. Butterthorne, raising his hand, continued:—

"Pardon me, sir; for, though my words are plain, yet the occasion demands it, and I believe in straightforwardness. You agree with me, Mr. Nylesome? And you, Mr. Rogers? And you, Mr. Hendrix?" They were of one mind.

Mr. Nylesome suggested that it might be well for Mr. Merrivale to point out the modern Pharaohs in his congregation or to be silent on the subject.

"You see, Mr. Merrivale," said Mr. Butterthorne, continuing the attack, "that we all agree about the folly of your course."

"It does seem that way, Mr. Butterthorne," was the minister's reply. But the preacher's Monday nerves were feeling the stronger strokes, and were getting ready to respond. "Gentlemen," the pastor went on. They looked at him, for never before was there less meekness and submissiveness in their minister's face.

"Gentlemen, you believe in plain speech,—a most laudable thing. You certainly have spoken plainly enough to me. But where does my right to outspokenness come in? Am I to be the only silent one?"

"Mr. Merrivale, you astonish us, you really do, sir," spoke out Mr. Nylesome. And the looks of the rest of the committee showed that Mr. Nylesome had only said what all were thinking.

"I astonish myself, Mr. Nylesome and gentlemen. But what am I to do? I have more time to give to the study of these questions than you have. I am less prejudiced. I am less interested from a selfish standpoint."

The committee's astonishment deepened into anger. But the spirit of boldness had made the minister reckless.

"I tell you the stream of books, pamphlets, and magazine articles on these social questions means something. Things cannot go on as now. Don't interrupt me, please. This overfeeding of the few and the starving of many is not just. It is man's, not God's, doings." The committee showed great uneasiness, but Mr. Merrivale went on.

"This may be my last word on this subject. You have taken me when my physical being is in torment: a fire burns within me. I say, if this thing, this inequality, is from God, then he is not just, to say nothing of love and mercy."

"I tell you, sir, this is blasphemy," broke in the impatient Butterthorne. "It is nothing else. It is rank infidelity, sir."

"Perhaps," rejoined the pastor; "but it is not as bad as being false to one's convictions."

"But, my dear Mr. Merrivale," gently protested the wealthy Mr. Nylesome, "we must take a practical view of this matter,—a practical, sensible view."

"True, sir; and it is the practical view I am taking, whether sensible or not." Mr. Merrivale had lost some of his fire. "I must take the practical view, Mr. Nylesome.

There is no other left to me. You gentlemen have given time and talent and sometimes sacrificed conscience to obtain this world's goods. You possess them. You buy us ministers. You own us. We are in your power."

"Do you mean to insult us?" interrupted Mr. Butterthorne.

"Not at all, my friends, far from it. I am taking the practical view. I appeal to your sense of justice. Is this insult?"

"Is that all, Mr. Merrivale?" asked Mr. Nylesome.

"Not quite. Just look at it. You call us ministers to your pulpits. We are to please you or go. Perhaps, gentlemen, you wish me to say that I am ready to place my resignation in your hands. I am ready."

"It might be best," remarked Mr. Nylesome in his usual smooth and easy manner. "It might be best," repeating himself again, as usual.

"It is the only thing," bluntly seconded Mr. Butterthorne. "But I am sorry. Such an opportunity for good! It seems downright recklessness to throw it all away for a bit of nonsense. Things were made as they are, to stay as they are. I wonder what Mrs. Merrivale will say?" This was a deep cut on the part of Mr. Butterthorne. He knew it would wound his victim in a most tender spot. The committee, having thus most faithfully discharged their duty, retired, leaving their victim to the agony of his own thoughts.

"O God, have pity! I am a slave! My family, my living, my position, and for what? A theory, a conviction! What cares the world for either?"

Mr. Merrivale fought long with his doubts. When at last he came down from the study, he was not at all the aggressive man he was with the committee. Without saying a word to his wife, he left the house and went for a walk. The opening spring was about him, the clear sky above him, while the new moon in the west was fast following the setting sun. These calmed him, and deepened in him the feeling that his conduct was a bit of folly. He walked out of the thickly settled part of the city along one of the broad and winding avenues. Standing at last upon one of the many hills about the city, he looked back, and saw beneath him the glory of a great city and its far-reaching suburbs. It was his mount of temptation.

"Shall I give up the advantages of this great and cultured city, give up these beautiful surroundings, give up the social standing to which I have risen by hard work? Shall I bring sorrow to my wife and my children? Shall I throw away the means by which I am to educate my sons and daughter? And for what? Convictions!"

It was becoming dark. Bright Jupiter was in the sky, pure and terrible in his light. Orion was well toward the west. The Pleiades shone down in their pale beauty.

"Convictions, and about what? About the thousands who would laugh at you for those convictions, and even crucify you, if such could be. They have done it often before. You would preach, while they would desert you, leave you to fight their battle, and to perish in the contest,—you and yours."

There is no cross easily visible to the unaided eye in our northern heavens. It might be well if over our practical nations the light of the southern cross fell rather than that of belted Orion. Mr. Merrivale's thought might have been guided to the idea of sacrifice.

"I am no reformer. I can do more good by going quietly in and out among my people, by preaching to them plain, simple sermons, as did the fathers before me."

The minister thought it was time to return home. He began his descent. "I must be loyal to my home and my church. I have put myself on their altars."

Mrs. Merrivale was anxiously awaiting her husband's arrival. He had hardly stepped into the house when he was met by her most pleasant greeting: "You must be hungry, William: you have not eaten since morning."

"I am hungry, May; but I had hardly thought of it."

"William," the wife asked, "what did the committee have to say? Anything about last Sunday's sermon?" She knew, without asking, what it was all about. But she asked.

Mr. Merrivale said it was about the sermon, and went on to tell her all that had happened.

"Do you intend sending in your resignation, William? Was that your purpose when you spoke to the committee?"

"It was at the time, but I have reconsidered; and I think, my dear, it would be better for us to have a talk with your father before doing anything about the matter. He is a very sensible man and wise adviser."

"By all means. It was just what I wished, what I was going to say. Let us see father. But is it not time, William, to give up this folly? Don't you see what it leads to?"

"It has ended, darling. It is folly," said the minister.

Mrs. Merrivale's face showed, by the light in it, that she knew it had ended.

The family of Mrs. Merrivale was of a much higher social position than that of her husband. Her father, Mr. Fraser, was a man of some influence in the city. He and Mr. Nylesome were old acquaintances. They had not seldom joined together in business transactions. And though Mr. Fraser, living in another part of the city and belonging to another denomination, could not attend his son-in-law's church, yet nothing was more natural than that he and Mr. Nylesome should often chat over the doings in and about the Church of Select Souls. When Mr. Fraser next called to see Mr. Nylesome at his office on High Street, the son-in-law's sins came up for discussion.

"And, by the way, Nylesome, I hear in a roundabout way that my son-in-law has of late been giving himself considerable trouble over the so-called wrongs of the poor."

"If he only troubled himself, Fraser, it might be all right; but he troubles the whole church,—the whole church."

"Very foolish, Nylesome. It seems to me he is throwing away great opportunities for good."

"That is just the way it looks to us; and we said so,—told him so."

"What do Butterthorne and Maxwell and the women say?"

"They all condemn him, Fraser, every one of them."

"I rather think from what I can gather, Nylesome, that Mr. Merrivale's eyes are at last opened to the folly of his late conduct. I think," continued Mr. Fraser, "that, now he has had his fling, he'll settle down, and move quietly along in the good old way. The fact is, Nylesome, all our ministers to-day meddle too much with these questions which belong to us practical men. And I doubt whether you can get a better man than Merrivale for your church. They are all tainted. The younger they are, the worse they are."

Mr. Nylesome made no direct reply, but his silence was a sign of agreement. The conversation took another turn, a turn to business, and to other than ecclesiastical stocks and bonds.

Mr. Merrivale is still pastor of the Church of Select Souls. He preaches, as of old, the far-away order of sermons. To him there is a land of pure delight *far, far away*. The further off he gets it, the better pleased is his congregation. But now and then the old thought takes up the matter, and carries it along the old line which once so troubled the pastor.

"I have a church. I have a people. I have a family. I have friends and luxuries. I have sons and a daughter. I have the love of a good woman. What more can I ask?"

And yet he does ask for more. Ever the question presents itself for an answer: "Have I done a true life's work?"

Mr. Merrivale is still in doubt.

LIBERAL AND PROGRESSIVE ORTHODOXY AND UNITARIANISM.

BY REV. W. H. FISH.

That liberal and progressive Orthodoxy keeps its churches more in unity and better attended and supported by being liberal and progressive, and that Unitarianism for that reason fails to draw from them as once,—thus losing one staff of its former accomplishment,—is quite clear to all close observers. We lose, and they gain; but it is a loss and gain in which both churches can well rejoice, as the gain is for truth and good, if specially against us or our church numerically and financially. Some of the orthodox churches, however, have only grounded arms and decided upon a truce, holding the same or slightly modified

dogmas still, but thinking discretion the better part of valor now, and so by silence instead of belligerency hold their own, perhaps. They appear to see very clearly that the mass of their people, especially outside of the communion table, would not tolerate the preaching of the old and worst dogmas of the Westminster Catechism any sooner than Dr. Parkhurst or his Presbyterian sympathizers would; and it is plain enough that from the days of Channing the old Calvinistic and semi-Calvinistic dogmas have been put and kept in the way of the progressive evolution going on in all directions, and, as Dr. Channing said in his day even, that, if the stern Genevan were to reappear, "he would not own the doctrines dispensed as his, and indignantly bid his professed friends to go from him and join their real friend, Arminius," and even the milder form of eternal punishment is rarely heard now from any orthodox pulpits, not even as distinctively as "the endless consequences of sin" was preached by most American Unitarian ministers fifty years ago, though the English Unitarians were always "Restorationists," from Priestley and Fox and Estlin and Martineau; and, indeed, all the rest, though Channing vacillated between the *destruction* of what were called incorrigible sinners and their restoration,—the ground occupied, or similar, it seems, by Dr. Lyman Abbott to-day. But the superiority of good over evil in the universe, and the final triumph of the good when "God will be all in all," is now probably the universal faith of Unitarians, as "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," the "good tidings of great joy" which Christ distinctively preached as the prelude of to-day and of the far-off period when

> "Every winter will be changed to spring,"

and, as even Cowper once sang in one of his lucid and illuminated moments,

> "All things once perfect,
> All must be at length restored."

Its intended application, no doubt, to this world,—"the millennium,"—but as applicable to all worlds and to the final destiny of mankind; but, as the lurid and torturing fires of hell have been put out by even the Calvinistic churches of to-day, and all outward arbitrary and vindictive punishments repudiated, those churches have thus taken out a new lease of life, their preachers no longer teaching that sinners, and heretics especially, must either "turn or burn." Unitarians can very well be satisfied with even the change, though it does not help them denominationally, the progress indicated is so improving for the present and encouraging for the future. And, as within the last fifty years Calvinism in its most cruel and barbarous features has been driven from the pulpits or silenced, it will hardly take another half-century to drive it out of the Westminster Catechism and other kindred creeds. The tendency in the most advanced orthodox churches is to unity and peace, especially with all who follow the Christ, who is "the way, the truth, the life," "the way the holiest know," and the highest, divinest ethical and spiritual ideal and manifestation of God; for to follow him in his path of love and light is to enter into the eternal peace and joy of God.

Now it is so much easier than formerly to find a basis for Christian fellowship and co-operation that two churches in one small or sparsely populated place are not often a necessity, especially where all are ready to unite "in love of the truth, in the spirit of Jesus Christ, and for the worship of God and the service of man," and all granted equal freedom; and Drs. Edward Everett Hale and Lyman Abbott are not far apart, and may be taken as eminent representatives of the advanced and uniting parties, and yet it is, no doubt, better for them to continue for the present at least as they are, representing their different denominations, acting together when it shall seem wisest and best.

Unitarianism in its highest, best form, theologically, Christologically, spiritually, and practically, is still a great need of the world. and should be devoutly, earnestly, and vigorously sustained denominationally, even if it were generally, as it is not, of the "high and dry" quality which Dr. Bellows once so repudiatingly spoke of; that is, as too exclusive intellectual and ethical, "culture" its breath of life, and as cold as an iceberg, having no inspired and inspiring messages for the hearts or deeper souls of men. Such representatives of Unitarianism—half representatives— no doubt have an important place in the progressive cause of phil-

osophical and scientific religion; but what our churches now most need is to hear preached and practically applied the Christian gospel of "good tidings of great joy to all people," which carries with it the potency to convict and to convert the dead or half dead and dying in trespasses and sin, and even to produce "revivals,"— better, simultaneous awakenings, but on as much higher spiritual plane than Mr. Moody's as his is higher than Elder Knapp's or Swan's, or John Moffit's, whom I heard seventy years ago. A new and first gospel coming down out of the heavens to-day— such as the best Unitarianism is—would no doubt quicken many slumbering souls into an interest and enthusiasm that would lead thousands to a grateful and joyous consecration to it, both in heart and life; and, when our noble brother Chadwick preaches that remarkable ideal sermon that has long been in his mind, as referred to by him in a late *Christian Register*, and others catch the inspiration, then we shall see revivals of religion among us,—revivals of reasonable, spiritual, practical religion, as I am told Dr. Martineau said he expected to see from Unitarianism. And, had he been at the last National Conference at Saratoga, when "the religion of Jesus" was reaffirmed as still the religion of Unitarians, he would have seen the beginning of his prophecy in fulfilment; and if it could only have been diffused through the churches! And, when any of our brethren turn from ordinary revivals in distrust, if not disgust, at some of their manifestations, let them also turn their thoughts to Saratoga, and say whether that, too, was unreasonable or superstition or the life of God in the souls of his ministers thus newly and so impressively manifesting itself, and say, too, if their memory extends as far back, if the establishment of the devotional early morning meetings of Anniversary Week in Boston, under the leading auspices of James Freeman Clarke and Gov. Andrew, were not also an incipient Unitarian revival, that may be reasonably followed up by similar meetings in all our churches, not leaving the youth without any such social influence and too exclusively with clubs for intellectual, ethical, and æsthetic culture,— albeit of the first importance in their place, but not as substitutes for spiritual religion, which is the greatest need of the young as well as old,—helping to produce that "experience of religion" which alone finds God satisfactorily.

If Unitarians have not a *gospel* with a potency to awaken dormant souls into religious life, aspiration, progress, and consecration to the work of building up the kingdom of God on earth, then they have not the gospel of Christ, his sweet, inspiring message being, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink; and the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life," and this out of "the acme of religious experience as we know it," at our highest and best, as the marvellously illuminated Dr. Martineau has said; and when the gospel of Christ according to Unitarianism shall be preached and applied with the earnestness and enthusiasm with which Mr. Moody preaches his mixed superstition and true religion, high and dry above his narrowness and bondage to the killing letter of the Bible, as much, perhaps, as under the influence and guidance of its spirit, then under the influence of such Unitarian preaching we shall see grand spiritual and practical results,—often many souls translated from darkness to light, and to peace, joy, and hope in God, with the full assurance of eternal life in him. Our churches thus opened with new aspirations and expectations to heaven, heaven will be opened with new clearness and brightness and beauty to the churches; and even Senates, under the faithful and universal application of the Christian and Unitarian gospel, will seriously pause and consider their action before meditating their own independent rule and reign, as against God's and his advancing cause of "peace on earth and good will to men,"—war and bloodshed their rule, yet not for themselves, but for others to engage in.

> "Fly faster round, ye wheels of Time,
> And bring the welcome day"

when Christian love and peace shall prevail universally.

The kingdom of heaven is at hand just where we are. It is just as near us as our work is, for the gate of heaven for each soul lies in the endeavor to do that work perfectly.—*W. C. Gannett.*

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

OUR CHILDREN.

The most important period of the religious life is generally from the thirteenth to the sixteenth year. And almost all religions and sects have recognized this by fixing upon this age for confirmation. This period marks the dawning of adult life, when the feeling of personal importance and responsibility is first keenly felt. If, therefore, before this time the young soul has not been fed with information, inspiration, and spiritual life, it is likely to shrivel and become dwarfed and incapable of coming to full bloom, or to seek in Orthodoxy something to satisfy its craving. Even if the unsatisfied religious interest should persist until maturer years, and strive to meet the doubts and perplexities that spring from insufficient religious foundation, time is usually lacking, then, for the requisite study and thought. We should therefore begin early to give the spiritual nourishment necessary to tide the soul over this critical period, and our watchful care should not be relaxed until it has been safely passed.—*Our Church, Newburg, N.Y.*

PROGRESSIVE RELIGION.

Religion is not concerned with any pursuit of spiritual things to the exclusion of material things. Human life is the result of the adjustment of all the forces and the powers in the universe, traditionally called material and spiritual. In such adjustment all the activities of the mind and the body are called into action. Religion is that element in our human life that is constantly in pursuit of the greater possibilities of such adjustment in its perfection. It is as important to make life ideal here as to think of ideals in some other sphere, or heaven. Religion is concerned with every function of life, supplementing it; but the peculiar song of religion is uttered for the sake of making the hitherto uncomprehended familiar, the ideal real, the so-called supernatural natural, the transcendent present. In short, it is the constant task of lifting up that which is into communion with that which shall be, revealing to the life of the world the infinite suggestions of its eternal worth.—*Church Exchange, Farmington, Me.*

THE TRUE REVELATION.

If man is what science defines him to be, and if the thought of God is given naturally in human experience as described, then we must understand by "revelation" a process as natural and comprehensive as human life. All discovery of truth is a revelation of God, and all progress of mankind is incarnation of God. And, while some writings become Scripture because of the precious truths which they contain, they are neither supernatural nor infallible. We accept and honor the Bible as the best of many similar Scriptures, but all were produced by the same causes and under the same laws. It is the most valuable religious literature in existence, worthy our constant and reverent study. But it must be read for increase of life. Its texts must be handled by the free reason, not to formulate a creed, but to enrich character. It has no monopoly of truth. The Bible contains some errors and many noble truths, numerous legends and much inspiring history. No statement is true simply because it is in the Bible, while all its teachings must be tested by experience and subjected to the authority of reason and conscience.

Revelation, therefore, is not only past, but present. The truth found to-day by the appeal to experience is decisive in religion as everywhere else. Religion is progressive; for it is the spiritual side of human life, which is progressive. There is evolution in religion, because also in human nature. Hence we ask no one to sign a creed because we affirm that doctrines are neither central in religion nor essential to salvation, and also because it is wrong to tie the mind to finalities where progress is the true law of life. The use of a creed (though it may contain many elements of truth) injures religion by diverting attention from reverence and righteousness of life (the essence of piety) to mere opinions—often remote from conduct—by enslaving reason and arresting growth, and also by fostering insincerity; for in this way people are often led to pretend to believe what they really reject. We have very strong convictions, but we strive to keep them vital and strong by fitting them continuously to the truth as we discover it.

Unitarians demand the right to reason

freely in religion, and they grant all others the same privilege. They strive to have, as far as possible, a perfectly rational religion; and they use reason and conscience as the supreme authorities in religious matters.—*Joseph Henry Crooker, Troy, N.Y.*

THE DIVINE ELEMENT.

Goodness is not an immigrant or an import: it is native to the mind. The pre-eminence of Jesus is due to this, that he recognized the God within. We learn from him to respect ourself, to listen to the voice within, to run without scruple to the obligation that knocks at our door. God is not an obstruction. We are part of him. Test it, and see. Separate the man from the God in him, and you love the man. The relation is vital. The man bleeds to death. His form remains, but the manhood perishes. This is the meaning of sin, of the wrecks of character which we find everywhere. The divine is overpowered and trampled down. In the lower ranges of life ignorance fetters us: knowledge sets us free. But in the higher ranges only character is freedom,—not what we know, but what we are. To see in your fellow and to respect in yourself that divine element which belongs to all,—that is the total impulse of religion and the liberation of the human soul.—*Rev. A. J. Wells, San Francisco.*

CHARITY TO OTHERS.

It is well that we should have some definite understanding of what ought to be our feeling toward those religious organizations with which we differ. The first step is in the direction of forming a correct estimate of ourselves. If we are narrow in our judgment of ourselves, we will be no less narrow in judging others. If we can be broad, it will not only influence modesty of feeling, but generosity of conduct. We gain both modesty and courage when we realize that, in spite of all differences, we are an integral part of the advancing army of humanity.

We need, first of all, to bear constantly in mind that the primary purpose of all religions is the same. Each is seeking in the way that seems best to uplift humanity, to make men and women better. There are all sorts of hearts in the world, from the rudimentary that hardly deserves the name to the super-refined that is worn so smooth that it rolls rapidly from one new ism to another. It takes all sorts of churches and all forms of faith to meet the demand. We cannot be too zealous if our zeal is intelligent and just; but church, for its own sake, is not a sufficient motive, and, unless we serve our church because we believe that by it we are best serving humanity, we do not deserve to succeed. Attitude depends upon altitude. The various churches have so much in common that from a sufficient height they are practically one. Our duty as a church, is, first and foremost, to fight with any church that is fighting sin and wrong, to join forces whenever and wherever we can in bringing to earth the kingdom of heaven.—*Charles A. Murdock.**

THE BRITISH JUBILEE.

Rev. Charles R. Weld of Baltimore preached on the British Jubilee June 20. We quote from the sermon as printed in the Baltimore *American*:—

Sixty years ago to-day at five o'clock in the morning a girl of eighteen years was awakened, and told that she was Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Defender of the Faith. This 20th of June directs attention to certain very great and significant facts which give it a religious aspect; for it is God who makes nations, and through the races develops his purposes. Though we are revolted colonists, we are one in blood, religion, language, and political institutions with the mother country. Let us note four things:—

First. The British Empire. We need to look at the globe to realize the magnitude of the empire whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, circles the earth. England itself could be dropped into the British Empire two hundred times. This empire is to be found in India, Australia, Africa, South and North America, and in the islands of the sea, so strategically connected as to make the oceans of the globe a British lake. This empire, practically created within the last sixty years, is

*From a paper on "Our Attitude toward Others," read at the Pacific Unitarian Conference.

moving on to a federation which will be the mightiest the world has ever known. There will be an imperial parliament in London,—this is manifest destiny,—in which the Americas, Asia, Africa, Oceanica, will be represented. We see things better by contrast. Contrast the eleven million square miles of British territory with the eight million of Russia or the three million square miles of United States area. The queen reigns over a population estimated from 366,000,000 to 400,000,000. Contrast this with the 114,000,000 of Russian subjects or the 70,000,000 inhabitants of the United States.

Second. The Anglo-Saxon race is the coming one. Realize its late beginning and multitudinous and mongrel elements, and what it stands for. When Greece, Rome, and Egypt dominated that ancient marvellous civilization encircling the Mediterranean, England was inhabited by savages. Invaded, conquered, abandoned, by the Romans, with two of its centuries lost to history, England begins its appearance as a factor in human civilization with the coming of the Angles, the Saxons, the Jutes, then the Danes and the Normans. Its literature began so late as the seventh century A.D. Its language was 1,400 years in making. Its population, almost stationary for centuries, varying from five and a-half million in 1650 to six and a half million in 1750, suddenly advancing in marvellous strides, increased sixfold in ninety years, until in 1890 the Anglo-Saxon population of the globe is 120,000,000.

Races represent primarily some one great idea,—the Egyptian life, the Persian light, the Hebrew righteousness, the Greek beauty, the Roman law. So this mongrel race, the Anglo-Saxon, stands in civilization for civil, religious, and personal liberty, and monopolizes that to-day throughout the world, ruling now one-third of the earth's surface, one-fourth of its people, and constituting in 1897 one-thirteenth of the population of the globe. Who is broad enough, deep enough, to forecast the future?

Third. The government of Great Britain bristles with incongruities and seeming impossibilities. It is an hereditary monarchy, but all power is vested in Parliament; yet this omnipotent Parliament dies every seven years. A monarchy, yet it is the most sensitive and democratic form of government in the world.

Fourth. Presiding over this vast population and territory, reigning, not ruling, is this woman, summoned to the throne at the age of eighteen. Born of Hanoverian stock, the coarsest in the world, she has blossomed upon such a trunk as an apple blossom in some back alley. Victoria, by personal purity of character, by wisdom, self-restraint, and womanliness, shines like a star alone among the kings and queens of earth. Her reign is not only the longest one of any English sovereign, but it is marked by progress and prosperity unequalled, by gigantic strides in scientific investigation, by marvels of physical development, by wise legislation, by the growth of religious knowledge, by miracles of invention, by strengthening of the bands between nations, by a universal advance toward higher living.

When Victoria was called to the throne, the United States had only 17,000,000 inhabitants, Australia was a penal colony, Africa, save Cape Colony, was practically unknown, ignorance was general. There was no telegraph nor telephone. Railroads were just beginning. Medicine and surgery were in their infancy, and slavery prevailed throughout the world. Mark the tremendous gains of humanity.

As the Anglo-Saxon race stands for personal liberty, so the throne personifies patriotism, loyalty, and character. The crown, stripped of authority, dominates as never before the most colossal empire of the world by character. Never was there such a setting of a great truth. The word "king" is derived from the verb "can." He who truly reigns to-day, reigns on account of personal worth. So she,

> "Through all this tract of years
> Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
> Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
> In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,"

represents womanhood. We unite with this great coming dominating race in these felicitations which fill to-day the civilized world; for

> "Her court was pure; her life serene;
> God gave her peace; her land reposed;
> A thousand claims to reverence closed
> In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

A PLEA FOR HUMAN NATURE.

Why is it that we so often hear the expression, "Poor human nature!" as if human nature were a condition to be condoned? I never hear such an expression that I am not tempted to utter a protest.

When we attempt to consider the possibilities of this very human nature of ours, it seems like casting an unfavorable reflection on the Power which has so richly endowed us to reiterate the oft-repeated sentiment, "that of ourselves we can do nothing," that we are but weak worms, vile sinners, and there is no good in us.

I do not believe there has ever been a nature so vile but had its redeeming qualities. In the appalling records of crime we do meet with cases where it seems as if the offenders were so absolutely bad that, if they ever did any good thing, it must have been a mistake; and yet in these very cases, perhaps, if we were brought in closer contact, and could observe their inner lives, we might, probably should, discover elements of manhood or womanhood we could not condemn.

And who shall say that in the Great Beyond there is not a future development, wherein the good shall prevail for even such as they? I think nearly all will admit that there are antagonistic forces in every nature. But, when we contemplate the self-sacrificing devotion of a loving wife and mother, the untiring and heroic efforts of a devoted husband and father, the filial attachment manifested in almost every home by which we are surrounded, can we not realize that, after all, this is a God-given human nature, and be stirred to the innermost recesses of our very souls with a desire to develop more of our natural possibilities for giving and receiving happiness, and of bettering to the utmost of our ability the condition of ourselves and our fellow-men,—in short, to be more largely, more intensely, I had almost said more divinely, human? For I cannot conceive of the two natures apart. Rather is it not the blending with the divine that makes us human?

And, in the face of all our teachings of inherited sin, can we not discover inherited goodness as well?

T. S. METZGER.

EDITORIAL.

E Pluribus Unum. THE *Unitarian* seeks to draw many minds toward one goal. It is willing to say with Dean Fremantle, who presided at the recent Christian Conference in England, "The only thing I care for is that Christ's righteousness shall be supreme in the world."

To help the One Faith. THE whole of the first edition of the first leaflet in our series of "Questions on the Way of Life" has been exhausted. We have printed a second edition at once, and intend to keep on hand a supply of all the "Questions"; for they proclaim the essentials of the religious life in a taking way which compels attention. Every church of our faith ought to keep copies in the vestibule. Every earnest Unitarian ought to help scatter them over the land. They are just the thing to take away to summer resorts and fashionable hotels.

Co-operation. OUR best suggestions come from our correspondents. The various changes made in the *Unitarian* from time to time almost always follow a hint given by some interested reader. We welcome all possible suggestions of this sort. Every reader wins our gratitude who is willing to inform the editor of anything which seems to merit special praise or blame, or who suggests anything which can be done to help the *Unitarian* in promoting the great cause for which we all unite.

Our Readers' Opinions. THESE opinions occur, for the most part, as postscripts to business letters remitting subscriptions. They give an idea of the hearty appreciation accorded the *Unitarian* by lay men and women in different parts of the country.

> "I think the *Unitarian* is growing both in religious and literary vigor."
>
> "No periodical is received by me with greater welcome than the *Unitarian*, and none read with more interest."
>
> "Let me say how pleased I am with the *Unitarian*. You have made an admirable paper of it. Let us push the good work."

"I want your paper. I have just finished reading the last number, the first one I ever saw; and I feel that I must have it from this time on. I am a Unitarian, but am far from any of my own people."

"The *Unitarian* helps out a great way in keeping people in touch with our general work and thought. Of its kind and for its purpose it seems to me admirably made up."

"I enjoy the *Unitarian* very much, and want others to have the same privilege, so shall send you subscriptions."

"Such 'questions' as those in the *Unitarian* will do a great work among our young people."

A great many letters refer to the price of the *Unitarian* as being within the means of every one, so that none need be deprived of the ennobling influence of the best religious literature.

Growing Churches. PEOPLE who talk about "the decadence of Christianity" and "the waning influence of the churches," as if such waning and decay were facts, and facts not wholly to be regretted, will have to look elsewhere than to the annual meetings of the representative bodies of our great Christian denominations for any information with which to re-enforce their views. Every year's statistics for a long time past seem to show that not only are our leading denominations increasing in numbers, but that the percentage of such numbers to the entire population is growing larger. No pressure of "hard times" or "panic" is ever permitted to suspend the missionary work of the churches, either in the home or foreign field. Appropriations may be reduced, missions may at times be left to "self-support," but still the work goes on; and, when in these enterprises vast debts are sometimes incurred, it seems invariably to happen that a timely gift or bequest from some favorite of fortune carries the denomination over the difficulty, as J. D. Rockefeller's gift of $250,000 has this year carried over the Baptist societies.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

The Safety-valve of Righteousness. HOW STRANGELY slow are the guardians of our country's honor and welfare to realize that the only trustworthy safety-valve for the lurking forces of violence and outrage is the just and righteous administration of equal laws! When a Mr. Chapman, as broker for the sugar trust, refuses to answer questions relating to speculations of senators, he, being an insignificant tool, is committed for contempt, although even his brief imprisonment is allowed to be converted into a burlesque for the entertainment of his backers; but, when it is attempted to try the president and treasurer of the all-powerful "trust," the cases are both dismissed by the Supreme Court of the United States. These men are by no means "insignificant," they are not "tools": they are powerful "influences," controllers of enormous capital. To expect them to answer questions is "unwarranted prying into the private affairs of the company," says Justice Bradley in his decision.

Such miscarriage of the law endangers the safety of the nation: it confines compressed evil that will eventually explode.

Compare with such a collapse of justice Ambassador Bayard's terse summary of the thoroughness of the executive legal methods in England: "Justice between man and man is in all cases publicly, freely, and impartially administered to all classes and occupations, without distinction of race, age, sex, or condition of fortune; and in the presence of equal laws all are alike protected, restrained, or punished with an eye single to the public safety. Herein lies the true bulwark against invasion and overthrow from within or without."

"Our Liberal Movement." DR. JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN has recently supplemented his book on "Our Liberal Movement in Theology" with a small but useful volume entitled "Sequel to 'Our Liberal Movement.'" This volume is extremely interesting and valuable; and, small as it is, it is full of capital things. The brief biographical sketches or memories of such men as O. B. Frothingham, Samuel Longfellow, T. Starr King, James Freeman Clarke, etc., give admirable insights of personal character as felt by Dr. Allen in his friendship with these leaders. The general conclusion of the book as to the outlook of our faith to-day is invigorating. Dr. Allen says:—

"These appear to me the most instructive

aspects of the liberal movement as it has come down to us, to be guided by our hands:—

"1. An increasing seriousness of temper as compared with the buoyant optimism of forty years ago.

"2. The clearer recognition and acceptance of the method of science as compared with that of pure sentiment and speculation.

"3. The attempting of positive tasks, or the study of positive problems of ethics, instead of resting content in the intellectual joy and pride of discovery of truth or emancipation from mental error.

"Into this large and generous and real and consecrated liberalism it is (as we may trust) our great privilege to have at length arrived."

Victorian Jubilee. THE celebration of sixty years of Queen Victoria's reign is an occurrence which furnishes ample opportunity to study the most recent results of experimental Christianity. The test of nations to-day is no longer brute force, splendid display of power, or lavish ostentation by its rulers, but rather whether the vital principles of Christian character have developed, and to what extent it has been found possible to build upon the lines of brotherhood, peace, and justice. The queen's own words suggest at once the progress of the point of view as to the purpose and aim of national life, when, consulted as to the form in which the public celebrations should take place, she replied: "Let all aid be given to those who are in want, to the poor and lowly. Let a systematized effort be made to heal the inevitable inequalities of human society, so that the gifts of God in reasonableness and love may be the better distributed among his people." So at her desire millions have been pledged for hospitals, homes, churches, and millions more have been permanently invested for the relief of the unfortunate, the healing of the sick, and the feeding of the hungry; and the whole tone of public life has gone forward with a great bound toward the better exemplification of the religion of Jesus Christ.

Bits of Boston. SUMMER visitors to Boston this year can add two valuable items to the many historical bits for which our retired Athens is justly famous. To her solemn graveyards, tragic massacre, and King's Chapel, to her Paul Revere spire and Old South Church, to say nothing of such modern models as the Copley Square Library, even to her royal lion and frisky unicorn on the Old State House, and the morose-looking codfish within the beloved Bulfinch front of the newer building, are now to be added the actual manuscript diary of Gov. Bradford, which for popular effect has figured in the daily press as the log of the "Mayflower," and the St. Gaudens splendid bronze memorial to the first negro regiment, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, and its heroic leader, Col. Shaw, who fell while proving how splendidly colored troops could behave in the face of the enemy.

The Bradford Diary has had unknown adventures, and comes at last to Boston through the generous courtesy of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, in whose library the manuscript has been for probably a hundred years. It is now locked up in the State Treasurer's safe, waiting the Governor's decision as to its permanent public location. The Shaw Memorial stands in the corner of Boston Common facing the State House.

God or Man? AN interesting personal letter from Mr. Dobrovsky of the American College, Samokov, Bulgaria, suggests the still vigorous difficulty of the transition from orthodox tradition to liberal simplicity, of even the willing and enlightened mind.

Mr. Dobrovsky says:—

Will you allow me, please, to say, first, a few personal words? I am of opinion that there is a good deal in me which is for a religion that is life and light, simple, and free from traditionalism and dogmatism; but I do not think that I am prepared to accept some of the tenets for which the *Unitarian* stands, if I understand them correctly, and this mainly for the simple reason that it does not seem to me that they are supported enough by the teaching of the New Testament. Let me take an example. In No. 10 of 1896 you have the article "God or Man?" There are given verses on both sides of the question. I was rather amazed to see so many verses, given by you, which support the idea of Christ's divinity; and I believe there are still more. Now is it safe for man to simply disregard all these plain verses, and accept that Jesus was only a man? I know and I believe that it is life,

and not belief, that saves; but still we have the verses on the divinity of Christ. Christ has his teachings in the New Testament, and his teachings give support, generally speaking, to the Old Testament; but I wonder how many of the Christian people would have been such if Christ was simply a man. How many would and will be willing to follow him and take his words for their principle and rule of life? I know that there is beauty and attractiveness in the mere abstract truth as it is, independently of who was her author, but how many of the sons of men can see that beauty and feel attracted by it enough to take it for their own rule in life? Very probably some mischief might have resulted from the dual doctrine of the nature of Christ, as stated in one number of the *Unitarian;* but it seems to me that much more is liable to come out from the doctrine that he is only a great moral teacher. But, independently of all this, I do not know how one can explain away the passages bearing evidence to his divinity; and in my mind rises the question, If Christ is not divine, why take him for *the* moral and religious teacher, and look not for some one else for his place? If he is the greater, how is this to be explained? Why has not some one greater than him appeared since?

We appreciate Mr. Dobrovsky's candid expression of his position. It is our faith in the power of the eternal divine spirit vital within *all* human life that makes it possible for us to accept "a man" as supreme teacher, revealer, and leader in religion. As to the texts themselves, they seem to us so clearly explained in the article to which Mr. Dobrovsky refers that we quote the reasons given there: —

The Principal Texts

USED IN SUPPORT OF THE DOCTRINE OF THE DEITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

"Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Immanuel."—MATTHEW i. 23.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."—JOHN i.

"I and the Father are one."—JOHN x. 30.

"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." JOHN xiv. 9.

"Thomas answered, and said unto him, My Lord and my God."—JOHN xx. 28.

"The word which he sent unto the children of Israel, preaching good tidings of peace by Jesus Christ (he is Lord of all)."—ACTS x. 36.

"Of whom is Christ, as concerning the flesh, who is over all, God blessed forever. Amen."—ROMANS ix. 5.

"Looking for the blessed hope, and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."—TITUS ii. 13.

"This is the true God and eternal life."—JOHN v. 20.

Explanation of the Above Texts.

"Behold a virgin shall be with child," etc.

This is a quotation from Isa. vii. 14. The name Emmanuel means "God with us," just as the name Elijah signifies "God the Lord," and Timothy "Glory of God."

No one pretends that the names which Elijah and Timothy bore were meant to signify that they were other than men. Why, then, should the name Emmanuel applied to Jesus signify that he was other than a man?

But there is nothing whatever to show that the writer of the chapter of Isaiah in which the expression occurs meant it to apply to Christ or knew anything about Christ. He undoubtedly meant it to apply to a Jewish prince of his own time.

It was a common habit of the Jews to quote from their Scriptures and to apply old texts to modern instances, often with very small justification,—a practice not unknown in our own day among other than Jews.

Read the seventh and eighth chapters of Isaiah, and you will feel that "the words were spoken of a temporal and warlike prince, not of a spiritual leader."

"In the beginning was the Word," etc.

Where is the reference to Jesus?

There is none except on the assumption that "*Word*" (Logos in the Greek original) means Jesus. And there is not the slightest evidence that it does.

Why did not John, if he meant to declare plainly the deity of Jesus Christ, introduce his gospel by saying: —

"In the beginning was the *Son,* and the Son was with the Father, and the Son was the Father."

The natural conclusion is that he was not thinking of the deity of Christ when he wrote the first verse of his book.

You will feel convinced of this if you read on a little way; for in verse 18 it is asserted that "no man hath seen God," which would not be true if Jesus were God.

"I and the Father are one."—JOHN x. 30.

This would seem as if Jesus meant to say that he was actually the same as God.

A careful reading of the context and of

other passages will show, however, that he did not mean this.

In the seventeenth chapter, for instance, he says, verse 11, speaking of his disciples:

"Holy Father, keep them in thy name, that *they may be one even as we are.*"

Again, verses 21-23:—

"*That they may all be one, even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us;* . . . and the glory which thou hast given me I have given unto them, that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and thou in me, that they may be perfected into one," etc.

From this it would follow that the *disciples are equal with God* as well as Christ, for they are said *to be one even as Christ and the Father are one.*

What Jesus doubtless meant was not that he and the Father were one in nature and person, but simply *one in the great object of helping mankind, one in purpose and spirit,* as were the disciples also.

"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." JOHN xiv. 9.

If you take this to mean that Christ was God, you will find yourself in irreconcilable conflict with the context, in which Jesus speaks *repeatedly* of himself as distinct from God.

In verse 2 he speaks of "my Father's house." In verse 6 he speaks of himself as the "way" to the Father, not as the Father himself. In verse 16 he speaks of *praying* to the Father.

Notice the tone of the whole chapter. Throughout it Jesus refers to God as one to whom he looks for help, strength, commandment.

If, however, you take the words in verse 9 in a figurative sense, as meaning he who hath seen me hath seen the representative of the Father, hath seen one in whom dwelleth the spirit of the Father, hath seen one who teaches the nature, character, and purposes of the Father, then you will find no difficulty in the context.

Any other interpretation would seem to be prohibited by John i. 18, "No man hath seen God."

"Thomas answered, and said unto him, My Lord and my God."—JOHN xx. 28.

If you interpret this as meaning that Thomas declares Jesus to be God, you put Thomas in direct opposition, *first,* to his Master, who in verse 17 says, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God"; *second,* to the writer of the Gospel itself, who in verse 31 says, "But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the *Son of God.*"

If, on the other hand, you take the words simply as the unthinking exclamation of a man utterly amazed at finding himself in the presence of one whom he believed to be dead, then all difficulty with the context disappears.

"The word which he sent unto the children of Israel, preaching good tidings of peace by Jesus Christ (he is Lord of all)."—ACTS x. 36.

An intelligent reading of the context will show that, whatever the writer may have meant by this expression, he certainly did not mean that Christ was God; for he speaks of him as being sent by God, and as being anointed by God. The thought in the writer's mind was probably that Christ was Lord, leader, or head of all Christians, or of all men, Jews and Gentiles.

"My kinsmen, according to the flesh, who are Israelites; . . . and of whom is Christ as concerning the flesh, who is over all, God blessed forever. Amen."—ROM. ix. 3, 4, 5.

It is only the faulty translation and punctuation of the authorized version that has made it possible to cite this text as evidence of the deity of Jesus.

The revised version gives the more accurate rendering in a marginal note, as follows:—

"And of whom is Christ as concerning the flesh. He who is God over all is blessed forever. Amen."

The American members of the Revising Committee prefer the following punctuation and arrangement, as, in their opinion, giving the meaning more exactly:—

"And of whom is Christ as concerning the flesh: He who is over all, God, be blessed forever. Amen."

Whichever of these two corrected forms you take, it is equally clear that the expression about God does not refer to the previous sentence,—that is, to Christ,—but is simply a solemn ascription, or doxology, used to close that particular section of the Epistle.

A similar form is found in Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians, xii. 31: thus, "The God and Father of the Lord Jesus, he who is blessed for evermore."

By far the best way to arrive at an understanding of the meaning of the phrase is to compare it with the rest of Paul's writings.

Doing so, we find that Paul never speaks of Jesus as God over all, but, on the contrary, clearly distinguishes him from God. See

"To us there is one God, the Father, . . . and

one Lord Jesus Christ."—1 CORINTHIANS viii. 4-6.

Again:—

"One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all."—EPHESIANS iv. 6.

And very many other passages.

Surely, the right and reasonable way is to interpret this single doubtful phrase in the sense of the very numerous phrases that are not doubtful, instead of interpreting the numerous phrases in the sense of the single one.

"Looking for the blessed hope, and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."—TITUS ii. 13.

This is another instance of the inaccurate rendering of the authorized version. The revised version gives it in a marginal note, as follows:—

"Looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

The want of clearness in this text results probably from errors in copying. The insertion of the word "our" makes the meaning clearer, but it is still a somewhat obscure phrase.

All we can do is to interpret it by the context. Only a few sentences further on (iii. 4-6) we find Paul speaking of "God our Saviour" as being our Saviour in "the principal and absolute sense," and of "Christ our Saviour" as being so in the secondary and instrumental sense. "God," he says, "pours out the Holy Ghost upon us 'through Jesus Christ our Saviour.'"

Thus Paul evidently thinks of them as distinct: he does not intend to call Christ our great God. And so in many other places, some of which have been already quoted.

"This is the true God and eternal life."—1 JOHN v. 20.

It has been asserted that "*This*" refers to Christ, and that therefore the writer affirms Christ to be the true God.

This is evidently an error; for throughout the rest of the Epistle Christ is plainly and clearly spoken of not as God, but as God's son. "The '*this*' refers to the God who is imparted to us through Christ."

The above explanations are from the tract "God or Man" prepared by Rev. Herbert Mott of Providence and published by the *Unitarian*. Copies can be obtained on application.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

*Prayers.**

Sunday.

O Thou who hast compassed all the pathway of our lives, we thank thee that thy providence abides through every change. Thou dost cheer the loneliest lot with the comfort of thy presence; and we can only bless thee for thine unfailing care. Into thine own eternity thou hast called us, and set us in the midst of purposes we cannot measure; but we would thank thee for the good we know, and pray that thou wilt teach us patience till thou send more light. Waken our hearts to gratitude, O Lord, for mercies which have flowed upon us, day by day, in health and sickness, in labor and repose, in joy and sorrow. Give us grace to praise thee in our whole lives, ever seeking to know and do thy will, and giving thanks unto thee for all things. *Amen.*

Monday.

Eternal Refuge of those who are distressed, grant unto us that in all trouble of this our mortal life we may flee to thy loving-kindness and tender mercy, that so, sheltering ourselves therein, the storms of life may pass over us, and not shake thy peace within us. Whatsoever this life may bring us, grant that it may never take from us the full faith that thou art our Father. *Amen.*

Tuesday.

Almighty and everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than we either desire or deserve: pour down upon us the abundance of thy mercy, forgiving us those things whereof we by conscience are accused, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask. *Amen.*

Wednesday.

O God, whose kingdom cometh in spirit and in power, and who sendest thy word like the dew that falleth silently upon the earth: grant that all who contend for the faith which thou hast given them may never injure it by clamor and impatience, but, speaking thy precious truth in love, may so present it that men may see in it thy goodness and thy beauty, who art the only true God. *Amen.*

Thursday.

Thou, our Life and Light, direct our steps into the way of peace, and strengthen our hearts to obey thy commands. May the

* Selected from "Services for Public Worship" published by the American Unitarian Association.

Dayspring from on high visit us, and give light to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, that they may adore thee for thy mercy, follow thee for thy truth, desire thee for thy loving-kindness, who art the blessed Lord God eternal. *Amen.*

Friday.

O God, who art Peace everlasting, whose chosen reward is the gift of peace, and who hast taught us that the peacemakers are thy children, pour thy peace into our souls, that everything discordant may utterly vanish, and all that makes for peace be dear to us forever. *Amen.*

Saturday.

Grant unto us that we, feeling toward thee as children, may trust where we cannot see, and hope where all seems doubtful, ever looking unto thee as our Father that doeth all things well, our Father that ordereth all. Thus, knowing that all things are in thy hands, may we abide thy time, patiently doing the work thou hast given us to do. Mercifully give us peace in the hour of death, and afterward an abundant entrance into the life eternal. *Amen.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

There are to be Summer Unitarian Meetings at the Isles of Shoals, extending from July 11 to 18. On Thursday forenoon of that week the Unitarian Sunday School Society will hold a meeting, devoted to the interests of the Sunday-school. Valuable addresses will be given on special topics by Rev. Orello Cone, D.D., Rev. S. H. Roblin, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, and Mrs. James A. Beatley. The president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will have charge of the meeting.

All Sunday-school workers and many others will be glad to know that Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford is regaining his vigor, and gradually overcoming the effects of his bicycle accident. By the time this paragraph is read, he will be out of the hospital and enjoying the benefits of a seaside vacation.

We repeat the appreciative notice in the last *Unitarian* with regard to "Songs of Happy Life," by Miss Sarah J. Eddy. It is a book that will be of great aid to Sunday-schools and public schools. Owing to the heavy expense involved in publishing the book, the original price of 25 cents a copy has been changed to 30 cents, postage 8 cents extra. Copies can be ordered of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

I am happy to acknowledge several generous donations since last month to the treasury of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. The deepening of the spring is altogether beautiful and rejoicing, but there is an added charm to the season for the officers of the Sunday School Society, when the churches and Sunday-schools kindly remember us and respond to the appeal for donations. One or two societies, never giving before, now begin the laudable habit; and some have increased their contributions over last year, all of which is encouraging.

The directors of the Unitarian Sunday School Society have in hand a scheme of lessons for next year, to be issued in weekly leaflets as heretofore, and trust that it can be carried out. The course of lessons has not been matured enough to warrant as yet full announcements; but it is hoped that, if fulfilled, the coming series will be attractive, not only in form, but in substance, for the Sunday-schools at large.

Volume XII. of *Every Other Sunday* finishes with the issue bearing date of July 4. Publication will be suspended for July and August, according to the usual custom. On the whole, a greater interest has been shown in this paper by the young people, and its financial condition has been better than in previous years.

Another edition (1,000 copies) of the New Song and Service Book has gone to the press. This book is now used by about one hundred and sixty Sunday-schools; and the entire number of copies thus far published, including the present fourteenth edition, amounts to 13,000. This is gratifying, as it was issued only about a little over two years ago.

Since announcing new editions, the following have been published: 500 copies of "Scenes in the Life of Jesus, Advanced" (This is the third edition of that grade); also 1,000 copies of a Scriptural Liturgy, beginning, "Hear, O Israel!" also 500 sets of "Lessons on the Life of Jesus, Primary," by Mrs. J. C. Jaynes.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.

Truth. Worship. Service.

[Address all communications to Miss E. R. Ross, Secretary, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.]

The national officers of the Union for the coming year are: president, Rev. Thomas Van Ness; vice-president, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley; Secretary, Miss Emma R. Ross; treasurer, Rev. A. P. Reccord; directors, Rev. Leslie W. Sprague, Rev. E. R. Shippen, Miss Catharine L. Edwards, Washington, D.C.

A national Committee of Service has been appointed, Miss Olive Prescott of Reading, Mass., Mr. Albert Scheible of Chicago, and Miss Alice L. Higgins of Boston, their work being to interest the unions in the denominational missionary stations, to suggest to local unions what each can do for its own improvement, its community, and the national union.

The following are members of the Advisory Committee to advise with the unions on matters of national importance: Rev. Ida M. Hultin, Moline, Ill.; Miss Ellen S. Eliot, Portland, Ore.; Rev. A. D. Hudson, Salt Lake City; Rev. S. M. Crothers, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Selina E. Bres, New Orleans, La.; Rev. S. A. Eliot, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Helen Garrette, Wilmington, Del.; Rev. W. S. Vail, Atlanta, Ga.; Rev. U. G. B. Pierce, Pomona, Cal.; Prof. W. H. Carruth, Lawrence, Kan.

A circular has been sent from headquarters, asking members and friends to send in at once suggestions of topics for next year's programmes, as it is desired to get the programmes out before vacation.

An important conference of representatives of the R. U. and C. U., Universalist, was held at the Universalist headquarters lately. Informal suggestions were made for: (1) co-operation of the two organizations in good-citizenship work; (2) common topics for religious meetings, beginning with January, 1898; (3) co-operation in charitable work; (4) some union meeting in Boston in the fall; (5) joint national union conventions.

The R. U. has voted to send a fraternal delegate to the national convention of the C. U. in Detroit in July, and the Ann Arbor Union will send a number of fraternal delegates also. The time seems ripe for co-operation of the liberal forces along some practical lines.

Y. P. R. U. has a session at the Summer Meetings of the Isles of Shoals, when representatives of the other young people's societies will speak, as well as those of our own denomination. At the Grove Meeting at The Weirs local unions in New England will send speakers. Both these meetings wil be very valuable to all interested in the Union and its work.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

The New York League.—The last meeting of the year was held in May at the pretty little Unitarian church at Yonkers.

Unlike our usual arrangement, the social hour over the box-lunch preceded the programme. Owing to the kindness of the Methodists, the League was entertained at luncheon in their beautiful new church parlors, which were profusely decorated, walls and tables, with wild flowers.

When Miss Emma C. Low called the meeting to order at two o'clock, a vote of thanks was passed to the trustees of the Methodist church for their courtesy. There was a wealth of flowers, wild and cultivated, in the Unitarian church, the pulpit also being a bower of loveliness.

After the regular reports, Mrs. D. W. Morehouse, in behalf of the Religious News Committee, gave a comprehensive survey of the whole Unitarian field.

The subject for the day's consideration was "The Permanent Elements in the Teachings of Jesus." The first paper was presented by Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker of Troy. She showed how we can better judge of the true value of the teachings of Jesus, when seen at a distance of eighteen centuries, than if we were near his time, just as one can judge of the relative heights of the peaks in a mountain chain when one is afar off.

One of his greatest innovations was the blow struck to tradition, so-called authority. If the Jewish law was unjust, he appealed to reason, to the conscience, to the spirit of the law. He taught that people must do right, whatever their fathers may have erroneously believed; also what was right for one was right for all. He ignored the old belief that the Jews were the chosen people of God,—all humanity was one people.

The divine sonship of man he also taught. His doctrine of growth by service we believe to-day, moral faculties depending upon exercise for their development in the same manner as the physical powers. He showed them the law of cause and effect. As ye sow, so shall ye reap. These teachings of Jesus, she held, were permanent, underlying all that is true in human character.

Mrs. Emma Herzog of Yonkers followed on the same subject from her standpoint. She hastily touched on the other great religious reformers, and compared their teachings with those of Jesus, whom she considered "the residuary legatee of all that went before him." Although much of the teachings of Jesus is found in other sacred writings, still his words reach us with a peculiarly thrilling impressiveness. The Golden Rule is found in other religions; but it comes to us, with a burning authority, from him because he lived it,—he taught by example.

The Sabbath was humanized by him. He taught that spiritual growth comes not suddenly, but is a gradual development. Other ethics fostered egoism, but Jesus taught self-renunciation. Faith and hope are among the strongest of his lessons; but

love, infinite tenderness, stands pre-eminent for all time.

In the discussion which followed Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Donnelly, Miss Reeves, Mrs. Rockold, Mrs. Hamlet, and Mrs. Burton each had some contribution to offer. The president then bade adieu for the summer months to the members, after which a hymn and the Lord's Prayer closed the exercises.

ALICE P. JACKSON, *Rec. Sec'y.*

BOOKS.

Faith and Fellowship. By John Cuckson, Minister of Arlington Street Church, Boston, Mass.—This volume of seventeen sermons reveals the methods and character of the preacher at Arlington Street Church. They are published, he says, "in response to an oft-repeated desire on the part of parishioners and friends for some memento of a ministry, which, they felt, had not been without its influence on their lives, as a source of comfort." Though these sermons cover a variety of topics, there is a unity of thought running through them all. They are marked by positive religious convictions, stated with such clearness and force as to leave no doubt what the preacher means. The thought is definite, and put into vigorous words. The mind centres with intensity on a few central truths, which can be seen in their influence on the various subjects with which he deals. To him "Christianity not only furnishes us with the highest and most perfect thought of God and of his providence conceivable, but it also gives us the best idea, whether attained or unattainable, of the nature and duty of man. It is unique in its perfect thought of God. It is superlative in its idea of man. Neither science nor art, nor philosophy nor poetry, can improve in any degree upon the revelation of Jesus Christ as to the nature and destiny of man. The best history of the world for nearly two thousand years is the story of human effort to grasp that revelation and grow up into it. It is the religion of humanity in a sense in which no other cult can be regarded."

Moreover, "the soul of all religion, and especially of the Christian religion, is loyalty to a great personality, who images to the imagination and the reverence of the race that still greater personality, otherwise unrevealed, and without a name." Again, "the Christian religion, in particular, is not only the love of such abstract qualities of truth, justice, mercy, goodness, but it is the love of these enshrined in a living character."

. . . "When we study the character of Jesus, we are not only struck with the strength and lucidity of his message to the intellect, his wonderful grasp of the world and of human life, the originality and excellence of his moral principles and his way of presenting them, the inspiring quality of his character and conduct, but we are amazed at the infinite charm of his personality, which was the secret of his power over the disciples, who came directly under his spell, and the only adequate explanation of that fascination which he has cast over millions of his followers in different ages, and in every part of the world, and which is one of the miracles of history."

. . . "And so to love Jesus merely because his teaching is true and his moral character is excellent is to stop short of the vital and characteristic thing in his religion. It is to have a faith with inadequate power to stir the soul, a faith devoid of enthusiasm, and affected with spiritual atrophy. It lacks the personal warmth that provokes heroism and self-sacrifice. It is only when a great soul touches other souls, and captivates the mind and heart and conscience, that men are inspired for service and sacrifice, and are nerved to do and dare noble things for 'humanity.'"

We have given these quotations somewhat in full, because they are the key which unlocks to us the distinctive features of Mr. Cuckson's mind and preaching. These turn with intense light upon loyalty to Christ, and color his sermons and his prayers. Whatever topics he treats, they are considered in the light of a distinct Christianity, resting on the teachings of Jesus. There is abundant evidence of this in this volume, and forms the basis of his teaching. He gives to Jesus a unique place in history. No one can read these sermons without noting their directness, ability, and practical religious features. As literature, they hold a high rank, and will give comfort, strength, and peace to many who read them; for they mainly deal with those fundamental truths which form the basis of experience, life, and religion.

The July number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains a correspondence between John Sterling and Emerson, which is delightful in its revelations of a man much loved by his friends, whose "short, brave course lifted and illuminated all about him," including his biographer, Carlyle, and his distant friend across the ocean, whose face he never saw. Sterling's mention of the "American epic on a small scale" has an especial interest just now that Job Durfee's poem, "What Cheer?" has lately been republished. The opening article of the number is Woodrow Wilson's "The Making of the Nation."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

JINGLE AND JANGLE.

Jingle and Jangle are two little bells
That jingle and jangle all day;
And Jingle rings sweet, with an accent that tells
Of lightsomeness, promise, and May:
Sunshine and sugar and honey and bees,
Rainbows and butterflies' wings,
Bird-songs and brook-songs and wide-spreading trees,—
Of *joy* little Jingle-bell sings!

Jingle and Jangle are two little bells
That jingle and jangle all day;
And Jangle rings harsh, with an accent that tells
Of darkness, foreboding, dismay:
Storm-cloud and vinegar, wormwood and gall,
Toads' tongues and poisonous things,
Owlets and ravens, and dreams that appall,
Of *woe* little Jangle-bell rings!

Yes, Jingle and Jangle are two little bells
That jingle and jangle all day;
And the one that you listen to strangely compels
Behavior that's sure to betray.
So listen to Jingle, and be a good boy:
To Jangle, oh, never give ear;
And your days will be merry and bubble with joy,
While sadness will never come near.

—*William S. Lord, in St. Nicholas.*

LITTLE MR. BY-AND-BY.

Little Mr. By-and-by,
You will mark him by his cry,
And the way he loiters when
Called again and yet again,
Glum if he must leave his play,
Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-by,
Eyes cast down and mouth awry!
In the mountains of the moon
He is known as Pretty Soon;
And he's cousin to Don't Care,
As no doubt you're well aware.

Little Mr. By-and-by
Always has a fretful "Why?"
When he's asked to come or go;
Like his sister,—Susan Slow.
Hope we'll never—you nor I—
Be like Mr. By-and-by.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

ANCIENT TOYS.

It seems very odd to have unearthed the playthings, as well as the tablets and weapons, of antiquity; and yet among the objects found recently in the Assiob necropolis in Egypt was a whole company of wooden soldiers, fifteen inches in height. The soldiers carry lances, and give a good idea of the style of military equipment prevailing in the time of the Pharaohs. Many an American boy might enjoy playing with those toy warriors, as perhaps some Egyptian lad once did with utmost glee.—*Observer.*

WHO ARE THESE?

The dearest man in all the earth,
The one that we love rather;
His name was ours at our birth—
For this you see is f—!

The sweetest face and truly best,
Of which there is no other;
She comforts us and makes us blest,
For this you know is m—!

The kindest girl you ever knew
(When she's away we've missed her),
Her voice is sweet, her eyes are blue,
And this is our dear s—!

The best of boys, as good as gold,
The pet and pride of mother,
We to our hearts his picture hold—
For this you see is br—!

—*William Brunton.*

MONKEYS AS SCHOOL OFFICERS.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts too many parents reported no children in their families, and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gayly dressed, put in a wagon, and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work; distributing candies to the youngsters, they took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the school about two hundred boys and girls.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

It will be seen by reference to the cover that we are keeping an *index* to every item of news from our churches. At the end of each year that index is given to every subscriber, so that references to what has taken place in any society can easily be made.

Has your church an item of news in this number of the *Unitarian?* We should be glad to have you represented, and will gladly publish every month any announcements, notices, or news which you will send us. The *Unitarian* is a parish paper, and its interest is in every parish.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Rev. Mr. Kenneth E. Evans, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches.

D. M. Wilson, *Chairman.*
D. W. Morehouse, *Secretary.*

Summer Meetings Association.—The interest is growing in the summer meetings to be held at the Isles of Shoals July 11 to 18. As only about five hundred can be accommodated, all who wish to go should join the Summer Meetings Association at once, the fee being fifty cents, payable to Mr. T. H. Elliott, Lowell, Mass. He will secure rooms, or application can be made to Mr. H. G. Marvin, Portsmouth, N.H. The reduced prices are to members only. The week may begin on July 10 or any succeeding day of the conference. The meetings promise to be exceedingly attractive. The one on "Unitarian Vision and Inspiration" is chosen to introduce some of the younger ministers of the denomination. Rev. Messrs. Minot O. Simons, Charles H. Porter, Jr., and others will take part. A lecture is to be delivered upon "America in the American Poets: Emerson," by Edwin D. Mead. The Sunday-school session and that of the Women's Alliance and the Young People's Religious Union are to have able speakers, the last having representatives from similar organizations among the Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists. All these features and the "Celia Thaxter Evening" and many others give assurance that these meetings are to be very successfully conducted; and they may develop into an annual conference of the churches in New England.

The programme of the twentieth annual meeting at the Weirs Grove, Lake Winnipesaukee, N.H., is as follows:—

Sunday, July 25.—Sermons from Rev. J. H. Crooker of Troy, N.Y., and Rev. W. S. Vail of Atlanta, Ga.

Monday.—In the evening a social reunion of old friends and former associates, under charge of Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D., of Newburyport.

Tuesday.—Ministers' Day. Prof. James T. Bixby, "The Sanction for Morality in Nature and Evolution"; Rev. J. C. Mitchell, "The Conduct of the Church Service"; Dr. D. J. H. Ward, "The Preacher as he ought to be." Also papers from L. B. Macdonald, E. S. Elder, and C. A. Staples.

Wednesday.—Annual excursion to Wolfeboro. Sermon by Rev. J. E. Wright of Montpelier, Vt.

Thursday.—Sermon by Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker. Women's meeting in the afternoon in charge of Miss M. A. Downing. Platform meeting, "What we stand for in Religion," by Rev. Messrs. Rice, Crooker, Sprague, and Walkley.

Friday.—Young People's Day. Sermon by Rev. L. W. Sprague of Boston; addresses and reports from members of the societies in Keene, Manchester, Dover, Concord, Peterboro, Andover, Laconia, and Littleton. Miss Olive A. Prescott of Reading, Mass., will give a brief paper.

Saturday.—Layman's Day. Will be under charge of Judge J. W. Fellows of Manchester, who will issue a special programme later. An evening sociable will be held at Fellowship Cottage.

Sunday, August 1.—Preaching, morning and afternoon, by Rev. George A. Thayer of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Rev. Dr. Rexford of Columbus, Ohio.

On the Sundays there will be special music by a choir, and during the week Mrs. H. R. Morgan of Boston and Prof. F. W. Batchelder of Manchester will lead the singing.

Hotel Weirs and The Lakeside will make special rates of $2.00 per day, or $10.00 per week, and upward, according to accommodations. Story's Tavern and the Aquedoktan House will make a rate of $1.25 per day, or $7.00 per week, two in a room, and upward.

The railroad rates, going and returning, will be sent on application. From a few principal points as follows: Boston, $4.00; Worcester, $5.25; Salem, $3.25; Lowell, $2.50; Manchester, $1.60; Concord, $1.05.

For further information address Rev. C. J. Staples, Manchester.

Alton, Ill.—It has been the custom of the Unitarian church in Alton to elect its minister annually; but this year, at the close of the fifth year of the pastorate of Rev. W. M. Backus, it was unanimously voted to extend the call to him with no time limit. Extensive repairs are in progress on the church and parsonage. All departments of the church work are active and successful.

Andover, N. H.—The fourteenth class of students of Proctor Adademy since it came under the management of the Unitarian Educational Society, four in number, were graduated Friday, June 4. The total number of graduates is seventy. A much larger number of students have attended the school both under the present management and during the earlier period since 1848, when the school was first established.

The graduation exercises included instrumental music by Miss M. Blanche Scales; prayer by Rev. Charles J. Staples of Manchester; a trio by Misses M. B. Scales, A. Grace Emerson, and Frances P. Carr; the parts taken by the graduates; the presentation of diplomas by President J. C. A. Hill; and a brief address by Rev. J. F. Morton, principal. The graduation themes were "The Children's Crusade," by Julia F. Baldwin; an oration, "Oliver Cromwell," by Fred Parker Carr; an oration, "Cuba," by Nelson G. Morton; an essay, "Tennyson's Princess," by Idella K. Farnum. The excellence of all the parts, both in respect to matter and manner, was much commended at the conclusion of the exercises.

A large attendance was present. Among those from abroad were J. C. A. Hill of Concord, J. W. Fellows, Esq., Rev. C. J. Staples, and Mrs. R. C. Carr of Manchester.

The Association of the Graduates held a meeting after the graduation exercises, and chose officers for the year.

A meeting of the trustees was also held, which took necessary action relative to the school for the coming year, which will be continued in charge of Rev. J. F. Morton.

Athol, Mass.—The Second Unitarian Church has given its efficient and beloved pastor, Rev. Carl G. Horst, a vacation of three months; and he will sail for Germany the 26th of June. Mrs. Horst will accompany him. Mr. Horst puts so much zeal and energy into his work, both in and out of the pulpit, that he will no doubt appreciate a long rest.

The annual May party was held on the 7th, and was very much enjoyed by old and young.

—The Guild of the Good Shepherd has held very interesting meetings the past season. One of the most enjoyable features has been the singing by good soloists, not only from our own, but other societies in town.

The Women's Alliance holds its last meeting for the summer May 19, and will be addressed by Rev. Mary Traffarn Whitney.

The whole society has been deeply affected by the death of one of its prominent members, Mrs. George D. Bates. Not alone from the choir, where her beautiful voice was an inspiration to pastor and people, but in all that pertains to the life of the society, will she be missed.

We are sorry to learn of the poor health of Rev. J. C. Parsons, the first pastor of this church, and hope to hear soon that he is recovering.

Beverly, Mass.—On June 13 Rev. John C. Kimball preached at Beverly, his first parish, where he was pastor for eleven years. The people gave him an overflowing house and a most cordial reception, alike the survivors of his old parishioners, their children, and the veterans of the regiment of which he was chaplain in the war.

Buffalo, N.Y.—On June 11 the Parkside Unitarian Society, of which Rev. J. H. Applebee is pastor, the promising child of the Church of Our Father (Mr. Slicer's), dedicated its new house of worship. There were afternoon exercises, with an address by Mr. Gannett of Rochester, on "The Sympathy of Religion; or, How we can Live and Work together"; and in the evening Mr. Calthrop of Syracuse preached, Secretary Morehouse offered the prayer of dedication, and a hymn written by Mrs. Slicer was sung. Both services were shared by Buffalo clergymen of other denominations. The building has a front veranda, with Corinthian pillars, exterior trimmings of brown and white, interior decorations of ochre and white; and on the side walls are busts of great religious leaders.

—Rev. Thomas R. Slicer of the First Unitarian Church has received and accepted a call to the Church of All Souls, New York City. This change will sadly affect the people of Buffalo, among whom Mr. Slicer holds a high position as public teacher and leader.

California Items.—Rev. C. W. Wendte of Oakland and Rev. E. F. Dinsmore of Santa Barbara exchanged pulpits for five Sundays, beginning June 13.

Rev. William R. Alger, after a four months' term of service at Berkeley, Cal., which has been of great value to our churches in these parts, as well as to the Berkeley society, returned to his Boston home on June 22. At the recent commencement of the State University Mr. Alger delivered the principal address; and

he has also been heard in lectures and addresses in San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Fresno, and other cities.

A recent sermon on "The State of our California Prisons," by Rev. C. W. Wendte, printed in several of the daily papers, has created considerable discussion. Mr. Wendte is to speak on the same subject in San Francisco at an early day.

The Pacific Unitarian Conference at Portland, Ore., was a great success. Thirteen ministers and fifty-three delegates from abroad were present, many travelling twelve hundred miles by land and sea. Mr. Wendte and Mr. Wilbur labored hard to make it an enjoyable and profitable occasion, and were more than rewarded. The *Pacific Unitarian*, the local organ of our cause, prints the full proceedings.

Rev. E. B. Payne is in San Francisco, but not preaching.

Castine, Me.—Two years ago the oldest church in this historic town was falling to ruin, its exterior a source of humiliation to the casual summer visitor of our faith as well as the faithful native few.

The most loyal of its members despaired of keeping its lamp of life burning upon so frail an altar. The congregation held many discussions as to what could be done for its rehabilitation. The result was not encouraging. Then a woman, an invalid, undertook the work of restoring it to something of its old-time usefulness. Although confined to her room by an affliction that made bodily exertion well-nigh impossible, she began the task, and labored at it for two years. On Friday evening of May 14, 1897, the work of her hand and brain emerged in the physical resurrection of the church, its old foundations relaid or strengthened, the walls and ceilings renewed and decorated, the pulpit transformed and made positively attractive with pretty and appropriate draperies, the floors new carpeted, the windows rendered secure, and—to crown all—a new organ, costing not less than a thousand dollars, fitted into the beautiful frame that enclosed its predecessor.

Of course, this happy issue from a deplorable condition could not be effected without money; and it was especially here that the talents of our good doctor's wife were in the lead. She sent out her cry of "Come over and help us." Good friends among the regular summer visitors and others of our churches were appealed to. They heard, and responded so generously that the society was richly able to do what, unassisted, they could not have accomplished.

Chelsea, Mass.—The First Unitarian Society has called Mr. C. A. Place of the Harvard Divinity School to be its pastor.

On the evening of June 15 the First Unitarian Church was filled with one of the largest congregations in its history, to witness the impressive ceremony of the ordination of Margaret Bowers Barnard. The sermon, sweet and grand in its prophecy, was preached by Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer. The reading of the Scriptures and service of consecration was by Rev. C. R. Eliot, the ordaining prayer by Rev. Edward D. Towle, the charge to the minister by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and the hand of fellowship by Rev. Thomas Van Ness. A fervent benediction by Miss Barnard concluded the order of service. Flowers, music, and the attendance of six young lady ushers, who had sat under Miss Barnard's tuition at Sunday-school, added harmony, beauty, and grace to the solemnity of the ritual.

Chicago, Ill.—On Sunday morning, June 6, the last sermon of the season was preached in the First Church on Michigan Avenue. The church will be closed during the three summer months. On the afternoon of the same day the Memorial Chapel, corner of 57th Street and Woodlawn Avenue, was dedicated. This chapel has been built by Mr. and Miss Hull in memory of their parents. A more beautiful or consistent building it would be difficult to find. The architectural design has been faithfully carried out to the minutest detail, and the workmanship and material are of the best. The architect is Mr. W. A. Otis of Chicago. The interior furnishing—organ, pews, pulpit furniture, and carpets—harmonizes perfectly both in quality and looks with the building itself. Mr. Fenn expects to hold Sunday morning service in this chapel through the summer. A Sunday-school will be started at once if there are enough children to warrant it. On the evening of Sunday, June 13, there was held a "Fellowship Meeting," at which short addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, B. R. Bulkeley, N. I. Rubinkam, A. J. Canfield, and Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, all ministers of Chicago churches.

Dorchester, Mass.—A remarkable service was held in the Richmond Street Unitarian Church, June 20. Methodist, Baptist, and Orthodox Congregational Sunday-schools united with the Unitarian in a Children's Service. The church was filled to the doors. The superintendents of the various schools and the pastors of the churches took part. Rev. Frederick B. Mott, pastor of the Unitarian church, in extending a welcome, declared such a gathering had a Christ-like effect upon children and parents alike. It reminded the community that with all our differences we recognized one "Master," and hope for one "kingdom."

Duxbury, Mass.—Rev. Watson Weed, who has been preaching several Sundays in Duxbury, has received a cordial invitation to the pastorate of that church. He has accepted, and will continue the satisfactory work already begun.

Ellsworth, Me. — Children's Sunday was observed at the Unitarian church, Sunday, June 13, in a very fitting manner. The pulpit was very prettily trimmed with lilacs and potted plants. A very handsome pyramid of white lilacs and plants of snow-bound geraniums was arranged in the centre, by the side of which was placed the baptismal font. The services were opened in the usual manner by the organ voluntary, followed by the singing of the doxology by choir, Sabbath-school, and congregation. Then followed responsive reading from the service book and prayer. The choir then rendered an anthem. In a few words the pastor, Rev. W. R. Hunt, spoke of the significance of the christening service, saying that "Jesus loved little children," and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." At the pastor's request the parents with their children came to the front seats, and the children were christened in the simple, impressive manner of the Unitarian church. Sixteen little ones received the rite of the christening service. It was the prettiest service in the history of the church. A "flower service," conducted by the Sabbath-school, was well carried out.

All who took part in the service deserve much credit. The recitations were well rendered, and the singing was most excellent, particularly that of Mrs. Wiggin's class, where the fresh young voices blended finely with the organ and the sweet strains of the violin. The entire service will long remain in the memory of all present.

Fall River, Mass.— At the quarterly meeting of the Unitarian society, held on June 17 in the church vestry, Mr. William R. Warner presiding and Mr. George P. Bunce acting as clerk, the Standing Committee, through Mr. W. F. Hooper, chairman, recommended that Rev. John M. Wilson of Hudson, Mass., be invited to assume charge of the parish for the coming year. This recommendation was unanimously adopted by the society, which has been hearing candidates since the resignation of Mr. Knapp in March last. Mr. Wilson has supplied the pulpit twice. Fall River offers a boundless field for Christian work.

Fergus Falls, Minn.—The Free Christian Church of Fergus Falls, Minn. (Scandinavian), was organized with twenty members Friday evening, May 14. Rev. John L. Ericksen, who has been preaching here, besides being minister of the Unitarian church at Underwood, Minn., was unanimously called to be the pastor. In the latter place twelve new members have been added to the membership since January, this year, and a Sunday-school with over twenty scholars organized. Mr. Ericksen attended the International Supreme Lodge of I. O. G. T., which met June 16 at Zürich, Switzerland, where he represented the Scandinavian Good Templars of Minnesota. On his way home he will make a flying visit to Norway, his native land, after an absence in this country of fifteen years.

Greenfield, Mass.—Rev. John Dumont Reid was installed on Tuesday, June 22. The sermon was by Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, the charge to the minister by Rev. Howard N. Brown, the right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. Bradley Gilman, the charge to the people by Rev. George Croswell Cressey, and the address of welcome by Rev. G. Glenn Atkins, minister of the Second Congregational Church in Greenfield.

Hopedale, Mass.—A regular business meeting of the Hopedale Parish was called on Tuesday evening, June 1, to consider a proposition offered by Messrs. George A. and Eben S. Draper to erect a new church on the site of the present building. For more than a year the subject has been under careful consideration, plans have been thoroughly studied, and the final result was presented to the parish by Architect Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., of Boston, at the request of the Messrs. Draper. The meeting was called promptly at 7.30 o'clock; and the following letter was read by Miss Anna M. Bancroft, clerk of the parish:—

"HOPEDALE, MASS., May 29, 1897.

To the Hopedale Parish:—

"We have asked Mr. Lewis to be present at your meeting this evening, to submit plans and specifications of a new church building which we have decided to offer to present to you as a memorial to our father and mother, George and Hannah B. Draper.

"In making this offer, we have no conditions to make, except that, if the offer is accepted, we should desire the parish to give us absolute possession and control of the present church building for us to dispose of as we may see fit, which would probably be destroyed, and possession of the grounds until the new church shall be finished.

"The furniture in the building and all the movable articles would be your property, and the present organ would be put into the new building. It would undoubtedly take nearly, if not quite, a year from the beginning of the work to the completion of the new church, and during that time arrangements would have to be made for holding the church services in the Town Hall or some

other suitable place. We will furnish the Town Hall for such services free of expense to the parish, should our offer be accepted. We suggest, in this connection, that the church shall be known as a memorial church; and it would be absolutely the property of the Hopedale Parish.

"If you should desire to accept our proposal, we will sign the necessary contracts, and begin the erection of the church at the earliest practicable time.

"Sincerely yours,
GEORGE A. DRAPER,
EBEN S. DRAPER."

After the reading of the above letter, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson introduced Mr. Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., the architect, who exhibited and explained the plans. Mr. F. J. Dutcher moved that the heartiest thanks of the parish be extended to Messrs. Draper for their great generosity. By a unanimous vote the proposition was accepted, forty-five members being present and voting.

The new church will be built of Milford granite, with trimmings of Indiana limestone; and the interior will be finished in oak. The style of architecture will be English Gothic of the Perpendicular period. The extreme length of the building through the church, including the porch, will be 138 feet. The extreme width of the church and parish hall will be 131 feet. The inside dimensions of the church proper from the entrance to the pulpit will be 80 feet, width 47 feet. The parish hall, or Sunday-school-room, is 30 x 40 feet, the parish parlor 18 x 27, the sewing-room 15 x 18, and the guild-room 20 x 20.

Ithaca, N.Y.—On the evening of May 16 Prof. J. Seth of the Philosophical Department of the university gave an instructive lecture on Epictetus. On the evening of May 23 Prof. J. E. Creighton gave a most thoughtful and helpful review of "The Religious Thought of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries." The pastor of our church and the pastor of the Union Springs society took part in the Cayuga Association of Universalists, the former speaking on the subject, "A Church: 'A Union of Those who love in the Service of Those who suffer' for Character-building," the latter on "The Successful Church." The meeting of the association was one of the most successful in its history. Our Unitarian churches were given cordial fellowship, and it is expected hereafter the association will be called "The Cayuga Association of Universalist and Unitarian Churches." The credit for this forward movement for liberal Christianity in this section is due to Rev. O. M. Hilton, the enthusiastic and large-hearted pastor of the Auburn Universalist church, with which church the meetings of the association were held. Rev. W. A. Smith, a neighboring Congregationalist minister and a Scotchman, gave in our church on the evening of June 11 his lecture on "Robert Burns." The "Children's Day" of June 13 was made sacred to the thought of the birds. From illustrations in colors Mr. L. A. Fuertes gave a most delightful talk on birds, imitating many of their notes, delighting the children and helping their thought of being kind to these little brothers of the air. Mr. Fuertes, the son of one of the Cornell professors, is a young man who has the promise of a noble fame in his chosen field of ornithology. He is not only a student of birds, but successful in making drawings of them from nature. He made the plates in the volume just out, "Citizen Bird," by Mabel Osgood Wright and Prof. Elliott Coues. On this day the hand of fellowship was given by the pastor to five, making fifteen who have united with our church during the year.

Kennebunk, Me.—The call extended by this society to Mr. J. D. O. Powers has been accepted. Mr. Powers will begin work the first Sunday in September.

Manistee, Mich.—Rev. George W. Buckley of Battle Creek occupied the pulpit here Sunday, May 30, and delivered two able sermons on the "Conservative and Radical" and "Is Life Worth Living?" The young people have secured a room on Main Street, which they will name "Unity Rest Room," and which they will furnish with chairs and couches, and throw open to the public during the Fourth of July celebration, which in our enterprising town is to continue for three days. Light refreshments will also be served. Rev. T. P. Byrnes has been secured by the committee in charge to deliver the address during the coming Fourth of July celebration.

Meadville, Pa.—The death of Mrs. Frances Shippen Huidekoper removes one more of the early members, as well as one of the stanch supporters of our church. The funeral service was conducted by Mr. Lawrance and Prof. Barber, and consisted of hopeful Scriptures and prayers, read from the American Unitarian Association "Book of Prayer and Praise," the selections being chosen by Mrs. Huidekoper's daughter, Mrs. H. P. Kidder, and her brother, Rev. R. R. Shippen. The service at the grave was conducted by Mr. Shippen.

On June 3 Miss Alice E. Roddy, one of our most active and useful young ladies, was married, in the church, to Rev. John H. Applebee of Buffalo. Rev. F. S. C. Wicks of Passaic, Rev. J. C. Kent of Northboro, and Mr. H. C. Farwell of Brooklyn came to Meadville to attend the wedding, and were warmly greeted by their many friends. Sunday, June 6, was observed as "Children's Day." The church

was filled with adults and children, forming the largest morning congregation for many years. Six persons were received into the church, five being older scholars in the Sunday-school; and eight were baptized. Rev. R. R. Shippen made the address. During the approaching vacation the church is to be enlarged, the pews rebuilt, lighting and ventilation improved, and the whole interior decorated. The improvements are expected to cost $2,500, all but $300 of which is in hand. The year's work, now drawing to a close, has been most gratifying; and strong hopes for the future are entertained.

Northfield, Mass.—Rev. Mr. Pressey of Rowe occupied the pulpit of the Unitarian church June 27, in exchange with the pastor. The guild meeting was led by Dr. N. P. Wood, the subject being "Edward Everett Hale."

Omaha, Neb.—On June 8 Dr. Edward Everett Hale read his famous story, "The Man without a Country," before an audience which reflected great credit on Unity Church and Omaha in general. $400 was realized for the church. Sunday, June 13, Rev. N. M. Mann and Dr. Hale exchanged pulpits.

Portland, Ore.—Soon after the departure of the last conference guests Dr. and Mrs. Eliot went up to their summer home at Hood River. Mr. Wilbur also took a few days' vacation, during which he made the earliest ascent of Mount Hood on record, the snow usually being too deep for climbing before July. The Women's Auxiliary have just given their second monthly tea in the chapel. The room was prettily decorated in white and green, with great clusters of pink roses on the tables; and many came in for a chat over the cup of tea to which the admission fee of ten cents entitled them. At the literary meetings of the Auxiliary a series of most interesting talks upon foreign cities have been given. Several branches of the church work have received aid this spring from the Young People's Fraternity, whose annual theatricals, besides proving more than usually enjoyable, left a snug little sum in the treasury.

Ridgewood, N.J.— The ladies of the Unitarian church in Ridgewood surprised their minister, Rev. George H. Badger, at the conclusion of a service a few Sundays ago, by the gift of a handsome bicycle.

Rutherford, N.J.—The children of the Sunday-school recently gave an attractive entertainment, consisting of a child's operetta, entitled "The Dragon Terrible and the Nymph Tiny," written expressly for them by the pastor. Children's Sunday was appropriately observed June 13, the entire morning service being given up to the children. The church was beautifully adorned with daisies and ferns, and the little people themselves in their songs and exercises made fine accord with these decorations. The Sunday-school is now in excellent condition, full of life and interest. Rev. George H. Badger is giving to the ladies of the Women's Alliance a series of talks on "Evolution." During the spring months he also gave a series of public lectures on "Contemporary Novelists," his subjects being Robert Louis Stevenson, Mrs. Humphry Ward, George Meredith, William Dean Howells, and Thomas Hardy.

Salem, Mass. — Rev. Mr. Prescott has been working vigorously in the First Church, and has had good response in point of audiance and interest.

Rev. Mr. Towle of the East Church has accepted a call to become the pastor of the Longwood Church, Brookline. His many friends in Salem regret his departure, and are sure that his brilliant powers will be highly appreciated in the new field, and that our cause at this important point will be well served by him.

A proposal of union between the Barton Square and East Churches is meeting with much favor; and those most interested are hoping that the union of two of our churches, so long dreamed of, is to be accomplished.

Sheffield, Ill.— The church here is in good condition. The pastor, Rev. S. M. Hunter, has been induced, contrary to his intention, to remain six months longer. The two chief public events of Sheffield at this season have come the way of the church. They are the memorial sermon and the baccalaureate sermon before the graduates of the high school. On both occasions Rev. S. M. Hunter was seen at his best. Four of the five graduates were young people of the Unitarian church. The new parsonage has now received its final coat of paint. The grounds have been much beautified by the unfailing generosity of its principal donor, Mrs. W. M. Whipple, a handsome fence has been erected, and abundant water-supply put in. Altogether the church and parsonage present one of the most sightly properties in town. The spiritual part has not been neglected. The sermons for the past month have been "Address to G. A. R.," "True Charity," "Is there any Antagonism between Religion and the World?" "Ideals."

Springfield, Mass.— June 20 the Church of the Unity held its annual Children's Day service. The members of the Sunday-school were assembled at the front of the church; and the pastor, Rev. Bradley Gilman, preached a special sermon to children. The christening service, usually a part of the

exercises on Children's Day, was postponed until autumn. After the service each child in the Sunday-school received a beautiful bouquet of flowers. There will be no further sessions of the Sunday-school until September.

Sturgis, Mich.—Rev. T. P. Byrnes of Manistee delivered the Memorial Day address to the G. A. R. Post of this city on Monday, May 31. The day was fine, and a large concourse of people gathered to join in the beautiful service commemorative of the heroic dead. An interesting service took place on Sunday, May 30, which illustrates the growing spirit of fraternity among the churches. At the memorial services in the Baptist church on Sunday, May 30, the Baptist, the Methodist, the Presbyterian, and Mr. Byrnes, the Unitarian minister, all sat in the pulpit and took part in the service. While here, Mr. Byrnes preached for the Unitarians on Sunday evening, taking for his theme "The Kingdom of God within." The foundations of the liberal movement were solidly and securely laid by Rev. George W. Buckley; and the faithful band are now waiting for the return of prosperity, when they will be glad to revive the work here again.

Unitarian Educational Society.—The annual meeting of the Unitarian Educational Society was held at the parlor of the Unitarian church, Concord, N.H., Wednesday, June 16, President J. C. A. Hill in the chair. The report of the treasurer, R. P. Carr, showed that the expenses of the year had been fully met, and the outstanding deficiency at the beginning of the year reduced, leaving a remainder to be provided for of $630. The interest-bearing funds of the corporation amount to $8,375, which amount will soon be increased to about $9,000. Barron Shirley, Esq., of Andover, Hon. Charles F. Stone of Laconia, and Rev. C. J. Staples of Manchester, N.H., were made members of the corporation and added to the former board of trustees, which now consists of J. C. A. Hill, Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D., Miss Mary A. Downing. C. C. Danforth, Solon A. Carter, Solomon Spalding, Rev. D. M. Wilson, W. S. Carr, Rev. F. L. Phalen, Rev. C. J. Staples, H. A. Weymouth, M.D., J. W. Fellows, Charles F. Stone, Lyman Clark, W. S. Quimby, Mrs. E. B. Fellows, Mrs. C. E. Carr, George W. Stone, Andover, and Barron Shirley. The officers of the corporation for the year are J. C. A. Hill, Concord, president; C. C. Danforth, Concord, vice-president; C. E. Carr, Andover, clerk and auditor; R. P. Carr, Andover, treasurer; and Rev. Lyman Clark, Andover, financial agent,—these officers being all from New Hampshire. The thanks of the society were voted to Miss Alice Marshall of Manchester, N.H., for the donation of the Emily Robinson Herbarium.

Unitarian Grove Meeting at Weirs, N.H. — The twentieth annual gathering occurs this year the last week in July, from Monday, the 26th, through Sunday, August 1. So many have enjoyed these occasions in times past that it is hoped this season's meeting may be in the nature of a reunion, and that the old friends will take this opportunity to renew their acquaintance of years past. A most attractive week is planned. The ministers, who are sometimes overlooked in these meetings, are to have a day of their own, when, besides papers of interest from several of our best-known clergymen to which everybody will be welcome, there will be an informal "camp-fire" exchange of thought and experience.

Friday, July 30, many of the young people's guilds in New Hampshire and adjoining States will be represented; and a pleasant and enthusiastic meeting for mutual aid and acquaintance is promised. Better arrangements and accommodations will be prepared than ever before, and the excursions on the lake by launches to carry small parties for an evening's enjoyment are provided.

Warwick, Mass.— Rev. Joseph M. Seaton, now located at Richmond, Va., has accepted the call of the First Congregational Parish of this place, and will begin his work in September.

Washington, D.C.—By invitation of the Young People's Religious Union of All Souls' Church a meeting of young people from the liberal churches was held in the chapel of the church on Sunday evening, June 6. There were present representatives from the Unitarian and Universalist churches, the Friends' church, and the People's Church, numbering in all some two hundred and fifty, and filling the chapel. Miss Edmonds, the president of the Young People's Union of All Souls' Church, presided at the meeting. After a report of the union rally in Boston she read resolutions looking to an organization of the several liberal young people's societies of Washington for more effective work. Addresses followed by Rev. Mr. Leavitt of All Souls' Church, Prof. Thomas Sidwell of the society of Friends, and others.

West Roxbury, Mass.—On June 2 the Green Curtain Club of Dedham gave an entertainment in West Roxbury for the benefit of the Alliance. Two plays were given, "At the King's Head" and "Mr. Bob." The hall was well filled, and the Alliance will realize about $25. No more sessions of the Sunday-school will be held till September, and they closed the year by sending $10 to the Country Week.

Mr. SUNDERLAND'S SERMONS.

Series of 1896-97.

THE COLLEGE TOWN PULPIT

(Monthly Sermons of Rev. J. T. SUNDERLAND).

50 CENTS A YEAR. SINGLE NUMBERS, 5 CENTS.

NOW READY:

1. **A Year of Life.**
2. **The Littleness and Greatness of Man.**
3. **Natural Religion *v.* Unnatural.**
4. **Religious Suggestions from the Rontgen Rays.**
5. **Universalism and Unitarianism.**
6. **Religion as an Experience.**
7. **The Ministry of Sorrow.**
8. **Why am I a Unitarian?**
9. **Keep yourself Pure.** (A Lecture to Young Men.)
10. **Oliver Wendell Holmes.**

ORDER FROM

Rev. J. T. SUNDERLAND,

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Hymnal.

AMORE DEI.

This Hymnal is steadily making its way into use in a large number of churches, and in all cases gives satisfaction.

If considering a new book, send for sample copies, which will be sent subject to return, if not adopted.

PRICES:

Cloth, 90 cents; Leather, $1.35.

By the dozen, per copy,

Cloth, 75 cents; Leather, $1.10.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston.

MAPLEBANK.

HOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS

In the family of Rev. Eugene De Normandie, Danvers, Mass. The best of care and instruction guaranteed. Most healthful location and all things conducive to the happiness and well-being of the boys. Send for catalogue, containing full particulars. Address

HENRY N. DE NORMANDIE, Danvers, Mass.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ANDOVER, N.H.

For both sexes. Healthful location. Liberal management. Expenses low. Prepares for college, or for teaching, etc. For catalogue, address

JAMES F. MORTON, A.M., Principal.

FREE READING! Unitarian tracts and other liberal religious literature sent free on application to Miss ELLEN A. CALL, 35 Summer Street, Lawrence, Mass.

Simple, Direct, Personal.

Questions on the Way of Life . . .

Whether we seek, or care, to answer them, yet the questions ask themselves, and we must hear them.

The Series so far contains:

First Question: **Can I make God Real?**
Second Question: **Can I follow Jesus?**
Third Question: **How Shall I Pray?**
Fourth Question: **What is Required of Me?**
Fifth Question: **Can I be One with God?**
Sixth Question: **Can I give myself?**

Printed in very small attractive leaflet form for general distribution.

Orders can be sent to **THE UNITARIAN, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.**

Twelve copies for 10 cents, or 50 cents per 100.

Get some to give away!

The Postulates of Revelation and of Ethics.

BY

THOMAS HILL, D.D., LL.D.

Contents:

PART I., POSTULATES OF REVELATION,—I. The Unseen Real; II. The Reality of Knowledge; III. The Infinite Knowable; IV. Final Causes; V. The Universe a Work of Art; VI. Power and Possibility; VII. Logic and Love; VIII. Beauty; IX. The Testimony of Conscience; X. The Infinite in Man; XI. Relativity and Reality; XII. The Universe a Revelation; XIII. Authority and Inspiration; XIV. Summary of Natural Sources of Religious Knowledge.

PART II., POSTULATES OF ETHICS,—I. The Field of Ethics; II. The Validity of Moral Perceptions; III. The Nature of Ethical Relations; IV. The Innocence and Sinfulness of Error; V. Love and Duty; VI. Determinism and Utility; VII. Duties Relative to Self; VIII. The Connection of Ethics with Religion; IX. Non-religious Morals and Moralists; X. Learning by Doing.

394 pages, with portrait, price $1.50.

For sale by all Booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

RELIGION FOR TO-DAY

By

MINOT J. SAVAGE, D.D.

This volume contains the sermons preached in the series under the above title by Dr. Savage, in the Church of the Messiah, during the past season. It makes a handsome volume, uniform in size with previous books.

Price $1.00.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, Boston.
104 E. 20th St., New York.

The Deeper Meanings.

BY

FREDERIC A. HINCKLEY.

CONTENTS:

The Cost of the Divine Spark; The Poet-vision; Looking at Life through New Eyes; Rejoice, we Conquer!

Price 50 Cents.

For sale by booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

How they Lived in Hampton

The Christian religion applied to the making of flannels. By EDWARD E. HALE. A New Edition. Price, in paper covers, 25 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, 141 Franklin St., Boston.

The Essential Man.

A Monograph on Personal Immortality in the Light of Reason.

BY

George Croswell Cressey, Ph.D.

In "The Essential Man" Dr. Cressey has given an interesting and profitable study of a problem which can never grow old as long as man is what he is. . . . This little volume is thoroughly modern in tone, absolutely clear, free from either traditionalism or sentimentality, and brings out better than any work of the same size which we know the fundamental facts disclosed by the modern study of mind and nature which lead to a rational assurance of a life to come. If one wished simply to sharpen his own philosophical thinking, he could hardly do better than to test it by the clear propositions of this book.—*The Hartford Seminary Record.*

It is a healthful and helpful book which no one can read without profit.—*The New World.*

Price 75 Cents.

For sale by booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

OLD AND NEW UNITARIAN BELIEF.

BY

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Price, $1.50.

CONTENTS.—Historical Introduction, The Doctrine of Man, Concerning God, The Bible, Christianity, Concerning Jesus, The Future Life, The Great Salvation, Loss and Gain.

"A valuable as well as very readable treatise. . . . The best popular history of Unitarian doctrine that has come to our notice. . . . Mr. Chadwick has most interestingly set forth the rapid transformations of Unitarian belief."—*The Nation.*

"A weighty testimony to a notable religious movement from the religion of the letter to the religion of the spirit. . . . His attitude not always that of the contemplative philosopher; . . . his pulse throbs strongly, and quickens that of the reader. There are some passages that belong to the anthology of prophetic literature."—CHAS. G. AMES, *in the New World.*

"We can here trace the growth of the New Unitarian gospel, see something of the great moulding influences that have shaped and changed it, note the dangers it has encountered, thrill with the warm light of its newly discovered hope, feel ourselves taken into comradeship with its noble army of workers and saints. . . . Decidedly marking a clearer point of vision in the development of Unitarian thought."—*The Unitarian.*

For sale by booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.